The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1896.

The Week.

THE platform of the Massachusetts Democrats is, as regards the currency, as good as any platform yet made. It adheres to the gold standard; denounces free coinage of silver and purchases of silver; demands the withdrawal of the greenbacks; denounces the legislation of 1878 for their reissue; calls for an elastic "banking currency," and praises civil-service reform. But the best thing it does is presenting the name of William E. Russell as a candidate for the Presidency. No candidate as yet spoken of has as much claim to fill Mr. Cleveland's place. Mr. Russell has already for three terms filled the governorship of a Republican State to the eminent satisfaction of both parties. He is still young and vigorous. He belongs to the new school of politicians who are to save this country from the old ones, if saved it can be. He is the only candidate yet spoken of, of whom no criticism can be made except that he is too good for his party, and that it is not capable of electing him, though it has twice elected Mr. Cleveland. He is one of the few men whom it would honor itself by electing. After what happened to Mr. Cleveland in 1884, and above all in 1892, we shall not say that Mr. Russell has no chance; but both his nomination and election seem too good to be likely. Of all the men who have been yet spoken of for the place, he is the one of whom it can be said that, not only on the currency, but on every matter which concerns the national fame and prosperity, he is himself a platform. We should not need to ask him what he thought about this or that or the other thing, but simply: "Are you the William E. Russell who was Governor of Massachusetts from 1890 to 1893?"

The Republican party of Pennsylvania touched the lowest level of political degradation when, in convention assembled, on Thursday, it declared unanimously in favor of Matt Quay as its candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination, calling him "wise in counsel and brilliant and able in action—at once the type of the American citizen, scholar, soldier, and statesman." Who would suppose, from this description, that the object of it was exposed only a few years ago as a defaulter and embezzler of public funds, placed in his charge as a State official, and that the full evidence of his guilt had been published in newspapers and pamphlets and circulated widely over the country? Had not his political friends made good the loss to save their party from scandal, he would have been sent to the penitentiary for his crimes. Yet now the Republican party in the strongest Republican State in the Union puts him forward as the "type of the American citizen, scholar, soldier, and statesman," and the chief Republican organ of the State has nothing more severe to say of it than this: "The general feeling was in favor of giving the Senator the prestige and position which come from such an expression, and, so far as his own candidacy is concerned, he will stand before the country with the State convention and a large portion of the delegation at his back." Yet this is the same newspaper which said in 1885, when Quay proposed to nominate himself for State Treasurer, that his nomination "would take the lid from off the Treasury and uncover secrets before which Republicans would stand dumb." Nothing seems to stand so dumb now in the Republican party of Pennsylvania as its moral sense.

Grosvenor and Manley put out their customary Monday-morning claims for McKinley and Reed, respectively, and are still able to do it without a smile. Each has accurate information, based not on press reports or general rumor, but upon exact telegraphic data derived at first hand from the delegates-elect themselves. Grosvenor's figures, on this irrefragable basis, are 444 for McKinley up to date, and the rest really not worth counting. Manley, on the same basis and with an equally earnest air of being careful to keep well within the truth, reckons McKinley 250, Reed 161, all others 217, and 83 doubtful or contested. The discrepancy argues many more "doubtful" delegates than Manley gives; many delegates must have telegraphed both managers that they were his, heart and soul. Mysterious "changes" are reported in the Oklahoma delegation: all six of them were at first conceded to Reed by the McKinley arithmeticians; now they claim four, on what grounds does not appear—perhaps Reed's belated gold-bug views have given the McKinley bankers a chance to effect a sound conversion. Manley throws out one hint, however, which is enough to chill the most Napoleonic. He intimates that he and his allies control the national committee, and so the temporary roll of the convention; that they will also control the committee on credentials, with all that the name implies. This suggests, no doubt, the true anti-McKinley strategy. Quay long ago gave it to be understood that something like one hundred so-called McKinley delegates would be "fired through the roof of the wigwam" when the convention got down to business.

This is a great year for veteran politicians in the Presidential race. Senator Allison, the Favorite Son of the Iowa Republicans, will be sixty-eight years old when the next President is inaugurated; and ex-Gov. Boies of the same State, whom many Democrats want to enter in the contest, is some months older. Senator Cullom of Illinois is less than a year the junior of Allison. Mr. Morrison of Illinois is already well along in his seventy-first year, and Gov. Morton of New York is sixteen months older. Here are five men who either are septuagenarians already or will become such during the term of the next Presidency, and yet not one of them sees any ground of objection to his candidacy on this account. However, we have one youngster in the race, ex-Gov. Russell of Massachusetts being yet more than a year short of forty.

Speaker Reed has, barring his surrender to the Jingo crazes, kept the House firmly under bit and bridle. For speed and for reasonable economy in appropriating public money, the session has no doubt made an admirable record. But as adjournment draws in sight the wild horses begin to plunge and snort, and the Speaker apparently begins to cave in. The fact that his do-nothing policy has not seemed to mean delegates in his pocket may have something to do with it. The other fact, that his chosen lieutenants in the House, men like Cannon and Hitt, have made so spiritless a fight in their own districts against the McKinley boomers, may also have something to do with it. At any rate, he has felt compelled to do something, or pretend to do something, for the "old-soldier vote," and hence the general pension bill which the naughty Republican House is at last allowed to vote upon. When the pension bill itself was up earlier in the session, Mr. Reed saw to it that all the vicious amendments intended to let the Boys right into the Treasury were ruled out on points of order, despite the wrath of the true lovers of the veterans. But now he has given his consent to a general bill, weakening the defences of the Treasury here and there against the pension raiders, and doing as much mischief as can be done short of going the whole figure of a service pension. A wicked Democrat offered on Monday a substitute providing for a service pension, but this was indignantly denounced as an "attempt to put the Republicans in a hole." They insist upon doing all the putting in a hole themselves, the President's veto being what they aim at and hope for.

The success of the International Arbitration Congress at Washington, which adjourned on Thursday evening, was assured in advance, and the distinguished jurists, educators, and clergy, both Catholic and Protestant, who attended, lent the

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weight of high character and great influence, as well as of sound reason, to the resolutions adopted. These recite the uncertain and oppressive nature of war as a means of settling international disputes, to say nothing of its immense evils, and affirm the superiority of arbitration, as well on grounds of material interests and permanency as because of the demands of religion, humanity, and justice. A settled system of arbitration established by treaty is urged as an immediate duty on the governments of the United States and Great Britain, and the extension of arbitration to all civilized nations at the earliest possible day demanded. Thus this congress has proved a fitting climax to the series of local congresses with the same object, and has given expression to the deliberate and intelligent opposition of the men of light and leading in this country to the whole Jingo madness that has been raging in press and Congress for four months past. A noticeable thing about the Washington gathering was the absence of Congressmen, even as spectators. They could not allow it to be supposed for a moment that they had aught in common with the most learned, intelligent, and philanthropic citizens of this country. As if sharply to emphasize their dissent from the congress, two of them chose the occasion for passing the lie in the capitol, and for throwing inkstands and everything movable at each other, while reaching for their knives. A Senator-elect covered with blood by the ferocious assault of a fellow-Representative is the appropriate answer of a Jingo Congress to an Arbitration Congress.

Louisiana's quadrennial election last week resulted in the defeat of a constitutional amendment by which it was proposed virtually to eliminate the negro vote, as was done six years ago in the neighboring State of Mississippi. This amendment proposed to require citizenship, involving a five years' residence, of the foreigner before he could vote, instead of giving him the suffrage upon his announcing an intention to become naturalized; and to require that a man, whether of native or of foreign birth, "shall be able to read the Constitution of the State in his mother tongue, or shall be a bona-fide owner of property, real or personal, located in the State and assessed to him at a cash valuation of not less than $200." This was framed with the intention of being so interpreted and applied as to keep out nearly all the negroes and let in about all the whites. In order to provide for such whites as could meet neither the educational nor the property qualification, the amendment further proposed that the next Legislature should have power, by a vote of two-thirds of all the members elected to each house, and with the approval of the Governor, to modify, change, or amend this article of the Constitution, and that such modifications, changes, or amendments, when so adopted and approved, should become a part of the Constitution without submission to the popular vote. This was the most extraordinary way of changing a constitution ever proposed, and it seemed so dangerous a method to many of the whites that they helped the negroes to defeat the whole amendment.

The Massachusetts Supreme Court has finally got at the latest attempt to "beat" the civil-service laws in that State, and has made as thorough work of it as our own Court of Appeals did of similar trickery. It decided on Saturday that the veterans'-preference law of 1895, which the late Gov. Greenhalge bravely vetoed, but which was noisily passed over his veto by the Republican Legislature, is unconstitutional. "Public offices," declares the full bench of the court, are not created for "the profit, honor, or private interest of any one man, family, or class of men," and "it is inconsistent with the nature of our government that the appointing power should be compelled by legislation to appoint to certain public offices persons of a certain class in preference to all others." Pensions may be voted to veteran soldiers and sailors, on the ground of services to the commonwealth, but it is not within the constitutional power of the Legislature to "give to veterans particular and exclusive privileges distinct from those of the community in obtaining public office." The mandamus prayed for is therefore issued to the Civil-Service Commissioners, the result of which will be to make all examinations hereafter truly competitive, and to compel those already appointed to office, under the law now pronounced null and void, to undergo an examination in order to retain their places. The decision comes as one more tribute to the courts and constitutions as our chief remaining bulwark against the spoilsmen. It will also serve to heighten the reputation of Gov. Greenhalge for sagacity as well as courage in withstanding the raging of the partisan mob.

Mr. Aldridge, the Platt Commissioner of Public Works, has been compelled to yield to the civil-service law, after a year of struggle against it, and has asked the Civil-Service Commission to hold competitive examinations for clerks in the canal department. Last year he defied the commission and the law, and appointed his own clerks, appealing to the courts to sustain him. The recent decision of the Court of Appeals has convinced him that the law is a real one, and is so strong that even the Platt machine cannot break it without suffering the consequences. He finds that if he appoints his subordinates in defiance of the law, he must pay their salaries himself, and this part of the business he does not enjoy. He will obey the law henceforth, expressing freely his contemptuous opinion of civil-service humbug and of the Comptroller of the State in the meantime, by way of solace. The Comptroller is the chief object of his wrath, for if he had consented to violate his oath of office and pay the salaries of Aldridge's illegal employees, there would have been no trouble. We commend Aldridge's fate to Commissioner Lyman of the Excise Department, for sooner or later he will find that he must surrender to the law in regard to his employees.

The *Evening Post* publishes some extremely interesting information about the special "confidential" agents whom Commissioner Lyman has selected to execute the Raines liquor-tax law in this city and in Brooklyn. Great difficulty was experienced in collecting this information because of the obscure life which many of the seventeen special agents for this city lead. Their names are not to be found in the directory, and their addresses were not given at the time of their appointment, for reasons best known to their backers. Three days' search by the reporters failed in some instances to find any one who had ever heard of the appointee. The reason why such secrecy is desirable about careers of this kind is revealed in the brief sketches published. Only a very small proportion of the seventeen men selected for this city have ever followed any reputable business. Their records read like those of Tammany men which the *Evening Post* has published so frequently. Nearly all of them belong to the Boy class in politics, having spent their lives in "dealing" and dickering with Tammany, holding now and then some small political office, and spending most of their time in and around the saloon. In Brooklyn a respectable Special Deputy Commissioner, Col. Michell, was appointed for Kings County. He concluded that he would be allowed to select his special agents, who were to act under him, and he did select them. They were, as a rule, very good men, and went, accordingly, as a mere matter of form, for approval to the head office, where they were all dismissed and a set of Mr. Lyman's own, selected by Jake Worth, the Brooklyn Boss, appointed in their place. They are on the whole a better lot than the New York ones, the Republican party being in Brooklyn rather more respectable than in New York, but they belong to the office-seeking class, and it is fair to presume would eschew competitive examinations, and are distinctly worse than Mr. Michell's appointees. Mr. Lyman's object in refusing to make his appointments through competitive examinations, and his pretence that the positions are in any sense confidential, and that it was want of time which prevented his obeying the Constitution, are thus shown to be on their face dishonest.

The Mayor's approval of the bill forbidding the erection of advertising fences and boards within 350 feet of park entrances,

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and along the sides of the parks, makes that most timely and desirable measure a law, probably, for there is no reason to doubt the Governor's approval. Under the law, the Park Commissioners will have power to order the removal of all present eyesores of this most offensive variety, including the monstrosity which has been erected at the head of the Riverside Drive during the past few weeks. Unless a law of this nature had been passed, we should very soon have been forced to ride, along many of our park approaches, through a double wall of garish bill-boards, decorated with all the horror of a sign-painter's skill. The Riverside Drive, with its many vacant adjoining lots, furnishes an exceptional field for this new system of torture, and it was being improved with an appalling recklessness and rapidity. The desecration will have to stop now, and all traces of it will be abolished without delay, for we cannot conceive of the Park Commissioners hesitating for a moment, after the law is signed, in the execution of what must be to them a pleasurable duty.

We do not see how the London *Times* can allow even its "own correspondent" in New York to go on insisting upon having a war over the Venezuela squabble, after Mr. Balfour's statements in the House of Commons on Monday. In fact, the news from both Washington and London gives the lie flatly to the *Times* despatches of last week. The Venezuela Commission give it out that a decision is not to be looked for from them for a long time to come. They also intimate, most unpleasantly, that they are far, as yet, from having any "unimpeachable evidence" that Venezuela ever owned a foot of land east of the Orinoco. This is strange. The Venezuelan case, we understood, was simply overwhelming. As for the British case, we saw that thoroughly "riddled" as lately as Monday in the *Tribune*. These Commissioners are evidently inflated by their own importance, and are ridiculously demanding proof better than that which satisfied the whole of Congress, the Secretary of State, and every well-equipped journalist in the country. No wonder Comptroller Bowler refuses to pay their rent.

If Mr. Chamberlain could have ridden through London in an open barouche with Oom Paul by his side as the captive of his diplomacy, it would have been a great triumph for him. But Paul is too sharp for him. He will not come to London. He will settle in South Africa British interference with the internal affairs of the Transvaal, and there is ugly talk of a racial war, and much fear that the present compliance, in spite of Krüger's prudence, may end in increased hatred and possible hostilities between the English and the Dutch in Africa, which would throw the country back fifty years or more. Mr. Chamberlain's tone has been prematurely topping, and his advice to the Transvaal too patronizing. There is some reason to fear that things can go no further for the present in Africa, and that Mr. Chamberlain may have to carry out his scheme of a zollverein between England and the colonies. The day he is compelled to bring that about will be one of the saddest days in his history.

The French Senate had peculiar provocation, aside from its constitutional conflict with the cabinet, to make a stand for its rights on the vote for the expenses of the occupation of Madagascar. It was only on March 30 that the Government asked money on this account, it having been decided that the existing appropriation would expire on April 30. The Chamber hastened to vote the credit asked, and then adjourned till May 19. This made it necessary for the Senate to accept the bill precisely as it came from the Chamber, without the alteration of an item or a word, or else cause the whole to fail. The danger of thus limiting the Senate's right to amend money bills was pointed out in the Chamber, and that body was asked to adjourn only to a date when the Senate's amendments might still be considered before April 30. But this suggestion was promptly voted down (it is said, under direct prompting from M. Bourgeois), and so the Senate was put in the contemptible position of being dictated to by the Prime Minister. Its response was a flat refusal to vote the money at all until the ministry should recognize its constitutional responsibility to both houses of the National Legislature. On April 2 M. Bourgeois told the Senate that it might vote no confidence as often as it pleased, but that he would not resign. If, however, it dared to oppose him on a question of foreign policy, he would withdraw. He thought he could safely fall back on French Jingoism, but the Senate squarely met him, and resign he did, albeit with much backbiting and grumbling. The passive attitude of the President in all these cabinet squabbles is exciting more and more impatience among men anxious to see every reserve power of the Constitution put in play against headlong democracy and anarchy.

The outcries in France against the Senate are made suspicious by their origin. They speak mainly for the ardent wish of the Socialists and more reckless Radicals to get rid of about the last conservative barrier that stands between them and supreme control over legislation and government. It is not merely a nice question of constitutional interpretation or even of constitutional revision. A radical and socialistic democracy is fighting for a free hand. The Chamber's vote, by a large majority, that it must be preponderant in all conflicts over questions of right, because it represents the principle of universal suffrage, shows the drift. So does the frenzy of the Socialists against the Senate. This existed and was expressed long before the present crisis. On April 12 the famous Bourse du Travail was thrown open again to the labor organizations. This public home of "labor," it will be remembered, had to be closed in 1893 by the Government, on account of the political agitation of which it had become a centre. M. Bourgeois, in keeping with his general radical policy, decided to open it again, stipulating that it should be used purely in the interests of "labor," not of politics. What the unions thought of the stipulation may be inferred from the opening ceremonies. Their spokesman declared that they had come back to their own, and would make the Bourse, as before, the home of a revolutionary propaganda. Cries of "Down with the Senate!" were heard on all sides, the band played "La Carmagnole," and a red scarf was thrown over the statue of the republic. All this was ominous, as were also the shouting mobs that have gathered to hear the Socialist orators.

For some months a violent agitation has been kept up by the medical students in Paris and Montpellier against the practice of admitting foreigners to the medical courses of the universities. They maintain that the influx of foreign students is reaching "disquieting proportions." In 1884 the number entered at Paris was 127; in 1894 it had risen to 169. This does not seem so disquieting a proportion in the total of 6,000. In the German medical schools there were, in 1892, no less than 4,077 foreign students out of a total of some 8,000. But, say the ardent medical protectionists in France, Germany does not allow one of these foreign students to practise medicine in the empire. We, on the contrary, are seeing our great winter resorts in the south of France gradually filling up with a motley array of German, Swiss, Russian, English, and even American doctors. This should be stopped. With the number of good native physicians increasing every year in disquieting proportions, how is the struggle for existence to be supported if the best part of the practice is turned over to interloping foreigners? But the hotel proprietors in the south of France reply that the prejudices of their foreign patrons must be consulted. The English, in particular, simply insist upon being drugged, embalmed, and buried by the loving hands of fellow-countrymen. Some unpatriotic physicians have also mildly objected that it is a good thing to encourage foreign medical students to come to France; that it spreads abroad the fame of French medicine; that it has actually increased the prestige and the fees of the leaders of the profession. The logic of protection is fairly lodged in the student mind, and we all know what terrible fellows the French are in proceeding to logical results.

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GOVERNOR MORTON'S POSITION.

THE bill known as the Consolidation bill for the creation of "Greater New York" has passed both houses of the State Legislature over the veto of the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn, and now awaits the signature of the Governor. We have commented already on the methods used in its passage, on the contempt displayed by its promoters for local opinion, on the reliance, in the last resort, on Tammany for the necessary majority, as well as on the extreme smallness of that majority. Should Gov. Morton now sign it, he will, in the eyes of the great body even of his admirers and supporters, have completed the proof that he is in close alliance with Platt. The first instalment was his appointment of Aldridge last year; the second was his appointment of Lord on the Civil-Service Commission, and his removal of McKinstry without reason assigned; the third was his appointment of Lyman, and his uniting with him in an attempt to nullify the State Constitution in the matter of competitive examinations; the fourth will be his approval of the Consolidation bill.

These things suggest several observations, which we make with entire respect for Gov. Morton, but with little hope that they will produce any impression on him. There is no case on record of the nomination for President of a man suspected of being in league with a boss of Platt's description, or who had approved of a boss's methods in his own State. Two men, and two only, in the history of the United States, Blaine and Hill, have sought a nomination largely on the strength of their possession of the kind of skill in "getting delegates" which Platt displays. They both failed miserably. Blaine got a nomination, but it did him no good, for reasons a large portion of which will apply to Gov. Morton's case. In both instances, the voters dreaded to see transferred to Washington the arts and influences which had been successful in the locality from which the candidate came, or for which he was distinguished. Moreover, whatever the local boss may do, conventions nominate with a view to election. They nominate only men whom there is a fair chance of electing, and such chance it is not in Platt's power to give. He is a great man in Albany, but, in so far as his fame has spread beyond the borders of the State, it is malodorous. Outside the State, even among Republicans, he is an odious man. Any one who comes into the convention leaning on his arm will come heavily weighted. The convention will not be affected by the unanimity of the New York delegation, because they will not believe in its sincerity. Of all this, and a great deal more like it, Mr. Cleveland is a striking illustration. In 1892 he had to all outward appearance got no delegates, and was more hated by men of the Platt type in his own State than any one in the party. He had, in their estimation, no chance whatever of either nomination or election. He was both nominated and elected, and carried his own State, with every jobber in his party hostile to him, by a plurality of 45,000. If Mr. Morton's reliance on Platt be justifiable, Hill ought to have been nominated and elected, and Croker ought to be Secretary of the Treasury or Secretary of State.

This State is carried at every election if not by the Independents, at least by persons of an independent way of thinking. We do not need to argue this point. We need only point to the election returns showing the way in which the majority shifts from side to side. It is this class, therefore, which any man who thinks he has a political future needs to cultivate. It is in this class that the bulk of Gov. Morton's friends are to be found. The only sincere rejoicing over his election in 1894 came from this class. It contains a large part of the intelligent, industrious, and thinking population of the State. It desires good government under the laws. It is hostile to bossism, to corruption, and to Cæsarism in every form. For it, the Constitution of the State of New York and the Constitution of the United States are good enough. It desires to stand on the ancient ways, and earn its bread in thankfulness and honesty. It has seen with sorrow and apprehension the growth, in this State, of a system which leaves in neither State nor city a trace of American polity, and substitutes therefor the barbarous, secret, and venal ways of Oriental despots. It was glad of Governor Morton's election because he had filled several other places with honor and efficiency; because he was a gentleman, a man of means and integrity, who, it was believed, would neither countenance nor participate in "ways that were dark or tricks that were vain." That election was considered a protest not only against the financial heresies that were threatening the public credit in the nation at large, but against the process which was, in this State, gradually effacing party lines, and making the Republican leader not only an autocrat like the Democratic boss, but also a partner in Democratic villanies, and setting up a new sort of government, which completely deprived the people of their ancient remedy—the substitution of one party for another in the administration of affairs.

The qualities which, as has been shown in the past, conventions are most apt to honor, are courage and purity of character. For whatever purpose conventions may assemble, this is apt to be the outcome of them. It is not at all likely that Gov. Morton will receive the nomination in return for supporting Platt's schemes. Whatever this may do for him with the New York delegation, the supposition that he has hand, act, or part in Platt's form of government is likely to be fatal to his Presidential aspirations. Much as people have gone through, they are not yet prepared to make the White House a Platt headquarters. If Gov. Morton wishes to succeed, he must keep clear of imputations of this sort, and, above all things, he must look after the reputation he will leave behind, whether he gets the nomination or not. This for him, at his time of life, is the main thing. The wretched creature who is trying to "run" and degrade him for his own purposes will soon pass into the same tomb as Tweed and Croker and Kelly, and, like them, be forgotten and despised. Gov. Morton expects better things of posterity. He wishes to live in men's memories as a gentleman at least, "whose armor was his honest thought, and simple truth his utmost skill."

ASSURANCE OF THE GOLD STANDARD.

THE tide now sets strongly, in the Republican party, toward the adoption in the national convention at St. Louis next June of a platform which will drop the nonsense about "bimetallism" and a "double standard," and declare as clearly and boldly against the silver heresy and for the gold standard as the plank adopted by the Connecticut Republicans last week, which reads as follows:

> "We are unalterably opposed to the issue of unsecured paper currency, either by the Government or the banks, or the free coinage of silver, at any ratio, and favor a single standard of value, and that standard gold."

The only thing needed to convert hesitating politicians to this policy is a demonstration that the adoption of such a platform would insure victory in the election. Happily such a demonstration can easily be made.

The admission of Utah to the Union swells the number of votes in the Electoral College to 447, and makes 224 necessary to a majority. Utah's admission, although the new State has but three electoral votes, emphasizes the changes in the distribution of political power produced during the last few years by the incoming of six other Territories and the new apportionment of Representatives. Cleveland's overwhelming majority in 1892 blinded politicians to the difference between the conditions in case of a close contest now and such elections as those of 1876 and 1888. From the readmission of the Southern States to the Union after the civil war down to the election of 1892, the "solid South"—meaning thereby the sixteen States in which slavery had existed—needed to be reinforced only by the small group of New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey in the North to constitute a majority of the Electoral College. In 1876, if South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana had been counted for Tilden, he would have had 203 electoral votes out of 369, and might have spared Indiana's fifteen and still have had three more than a majority. In 1884, Cleveland had Indiana, New York, and her two neighbors, making with the South 219 out of 401 votes, but he could have surrendered Indiana to Harrison in 1888 and still have

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had 204, or three more than a majority, if New York had kept company with Connecticut and New Jersey.

But the sixteen ex-slave States have now only 159 votes out of 447, instead of 138 out of 369 under the apportionment based on the census of 1870, and 153 out of 401 under the 1880 apportionment—but little more than 35 per cent. now, against about 38 per cent. in both of the previous decades. The addition of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut makes only 211 out of 447, or thirteen short of a majority. With Indiana also the Democratic candidate under the old combination of 1884 would have but two more than a majority, instead of eighteen more.

The silverites in the South who talk so glibly about "sweeping the country on a free-coinage platform" evidently know no more about the existing conditions in the Electoral College than they do about the monetary standards of the world. "What do we care if we lose New York," some of them say, "or Connecticut and New Jersey, besides? We can make it up in the rest of the country." They do not realize that, even if they could keep the South solid for a free-coinage platform, they would still need sixty-five electoral votes in the North, not one of which would come from any State in the East. Where would they look for them in the West? Leaving out of account the exceptional conditions in 1892, when Illinois, Wisconsin, and California were carried for Cleveland, there is only one State west of the Alleghanies which the party has carried since 1856—Indiana; and no intelligent observer believes that Indiana could be carried for free coinage this year.

But the mining States? They cut a great figure in the Senate, where the nine States among the Rockies and west of that range have one-fifth of the members, but they cast less than one-twelfth of the electoral votes. If the whole nine went for a free-coinage Democrat, he would have but thirty-six votes from that immense section of the country, and would still be twenty-nine short of a majority; and nobody can study the political record of those States without seeing the absurdity of supposing that they would go solidly for the Democracy on any platform.

The truth is, that the right sort of a Republican candidate, standing on a gold platform, would be sure to carry the country over any Democrat standing on a free-coinage platform. Indeed, one can count up almost votes enough to elect him between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, north of the old Mason and Dixon's line, as will be seen by this summary:

Number of Electoral votes	447		
Majority	224		
New England	39	Illinois	24
New York	36	Michigan	14
New Jersey	10	Wisconsin	12
Pennsylvania	32	Minnesota	9
Ohio	23		
Indiana	15	Total	214

It will be seen that only 10 more votes are needed, and Iowa, which is as surely Republican as Illinois or Michigan, would furnish these, and three to spare. Kansas with 10, Nebraska with 8, and the two Dakotas with 7 between them, cannot possibly be carried by the Democracy this year. There remain excellent chances for more than one State further West, while in the South, Delaware and Maryland will repudiate free coinage, and West Virginia and Missouri could be hopefully contested by the Republicans.

There is no possible way for the most ingenious Democratic arithmetician to figure out a majority for his party next fall if it shall stand for free coinage. On the other hand, the Republicans can insure victory in November by adopting a gold-standard platform in June.

NEW MEXICO TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

THE proposition to admit into the Union as States New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma renders timely a revival of the now generally forgotten fact that a bill for the admission of the first of these Territories was passed by the lower branch of Congress twenty-two years ago, and that only a happy chance saved the nation from having had another unfit State during the long period since 1874. On the 9th of March in that year a bill was introduced in the House "to enable the people of New Mexico to form a constitution and State government, and for the admission of said State into the Union." The bill was referred to the committee on Territories, which in a few weeks reported it back favorably, and on the 21st of May it was passed by the overwhelming vote of 160 yeas to 54 nays.

Then, as now, the House was Republican by more than a two-thirds vote. Stephen B. Elkins, who had gone West to "grow up with the country," had returned as a Delegate in the lower branch of Congress from New Mexico, and aspired to be one of the first Senators from the new State—failing in which ambition at the West, he later sought a residence in a community nearer the Atlantic, and is now Senator from West Virginia. Mr. Elkins urged the admission of the Territory twenty-two years ago, on the ground that its population then was large enough to justify such action, his estimate being 135,000 souls, and that the lines of railway then under construction or projected through that region would cause a rapid and great growth in the early future. He concluded with this tremendous tribute to King Coal, whose dominion covered the territory from which he hoped soon to become a Senator:

"By an unnatural usurpation Cotton was once called and believed by some to be king; but time and the natural laws of commerce have served to dispel this delusion, and Coal, with his ebon brow, has come to the front, and by unanimous consent has been crowned king for ever, and from his dark throne, with his brother Iron, wields the sceptre of empire over all human industries, his realms being measured only by man's ingenuity. In the United States, the home and throne of this king is in the Rocky Mountains; his children live and rule in the Alleghanies and the Mississippi Valley. The Rocky Mountains will play no ordinary or secondary part in the future of this country. So long unknown, light is beginning to dawn; we are but catching glimpses of the future grandeur and glory of this great empire. In New Mexico the time is not far distant when a thousand furnaces for the reduction of ores will light up the sides of her vast mountains, and this ore, drawn by a thousand engines busy by day and by night, will be poured into the lap of the Mississippi Valley, and millions of sheep, cattle, and horses will feed on her boundless plateaus."

Another argument which Mr. Elkins did not mention was even more potent with most of the Representatives whom he addressed—the belief that New Mexico would strengthen the Republican side of the Senate by two votes, and furnish three Republican votes in the Electoral College. Nevertheless, there were Republicans, especially from New England, who were not prepared to throw away all the principles which they had always professed regarding the danger to the nation of illiterate States. Mr. George F. Hoar, then a Representative from Massachusetts, made some remarks which were exceedingly creditable to the first State that ever imposed an educational qualification for the suffrage. He pointed out that, not many years before, the people of New Mexico had rejected by a large majority a proposition to establish a public-school system; that no such system had been established until 1871; that by the census of 1870 no fewer than 52,220 of the 66,464 persons over ten years of age, or about five-sixths, could not read or write; and that a very large proportion of the people could not speak the English language. He said further:

"Now, while it is true that no man should be debarred from the privileges of citizenship because he speaks Spanish only, or because he cannot read or write (and to the number thus returned in that Territory we may safely add a large percentage, because people frequently say they can write when they can only write a word or two, their own names perhaps), yet it seems to me that when Congress is considering the question whether the people of a Territory shall be formed into a State of the Union, the fact that they cannot perform the duties of American citizenship by voting intelligently on public questions, the fact that the great body of them cannot understand the laws of the country, cannot read the discussion of political questions, cannot obtain information about their interests from newspapers or magazines, constitutes a strong reason why we should require such a community to wait for admission until they are better prepared."

Clarkson N. Potter was then a Democratic Representative from this city, and he made an able argument against the scheme. He rose immediately after Mr. Elkins had paid his glowing tribute to King Coal, and remarked that it was "a thankless task to resist such an earnest and eloquent appeal to the House as the one just now addressed to it," and that gentlemen of his temperament "would find legislation much more agreeable if they could carry it on upon the principle recommended by Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse, who proposed a general bill for giving everybody everything." This being impracticable, measures must be treated with reference to those general public

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considerations which ought alone to govern Congressmen, and Mr. Potter proceeded to take up various such considerations. One, upon which he laid much stress, was the influence which the admission of unfit States would have in disturbing the proper relations between the commonwealths in the Senate. Some of his utterances on this point have proved prophetic.

Mr. Potter pointed out that, even twenty-two years ago, sixteen Senators from eight States having a contiguous territory (Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Kentucky) represented a majority of the people of the Union. "It is the most absurd thing possible," he said, "to call such a government a popular government." On the contrary, it was in this respect one of the most absurd governments on the face of the earth, and yet it was proposed to make it more absurd by introducing Territories with a mere handful of people, and giving them the right to send two representatives each into the Senate of the United States. Mr. Potter continued:

"I understand that, with the great physical prosperity of the country, such gradual changes are not observed. The attention of men in these hurried days is but too rarely given to the fundamental principles of government. But the time will come when this thing will not be longer tolerated. Every new State forced into the Union with its two members in the Senate of the United States will be a reason for coercing attention to this matter by the great States. What is the inevitable result of the further introduction of small States but to unduly reduce the influence of the older and larger States? Besides this, do not gentlemen know that the inevitable result of giving to the people in those small Territories—I mean Territories with but a small population—representation in the Senate of the United States must be that they will be controlled by influences exercised by men of wealth? I heard it stated not long ago that one of the Senators of a certain State had not been in the State in two years before he was elected. Who are the men elected to the Senate from these small Western States? Are they men who control the railways and mines and wealth of the States or not? Do we desire to repeat the experiment of Nevada, when, after all the years that have followed her admission, there is still a population not half so great as in some agricultural counties in my State?"

Happily for the country, the slow-going Senate did not act upon this matter until near the end of the next short session, when it made some amendments in the bill which the House did not have time to consider, and the measure failed. What we escaped by this lucky chance can be appreciated only when we reflect that the population of the Territory was but about 18,000 larger by the last census than Mr. Elkins claimed in 1874, and that the percentage of illiteracy is still almost 45 per cent., and when we recall our bitter experience since Mr. Potter's day with Montana, Idaho, and other Territories equally unfit for statehood.

ENGLAND'S REVENUE AND AMERICAN TRADE.

Ever since the remarkable statement of the British Exchequer for the fiscal year ending March 31 was published a fortnight ago, the enemies of free trade and sound currency have kept the silence of dismay. When complaint of dull trade and paralyzed industry was loud on every side in our own country, here came the statement of a nation, living under unrestricted trade and a gold currency standard, showing an increase, over the preceding fiscal year, of £7,290,000 in Government revenue, leaving an almost unprecedented annual surplus of £4,208,000, or $21,040,000. This increase was all the more striking and significant in that tax levies, under the British budget-estimate for an approaching fiscal year, are commonly based on the expectation that revenue will hardly exceed expenditures. The extraordinary gain of the past year, therefore, simply means that the trade from which the revenue is derived has expanded far more rapidly than the estimates had anticipated. Nor is it least significant that all this happened with our own national revenue still falling short, by millions, of official expectations.

It was not in reason, however, to suppose that friends of fettered trade and debased currency would rest idle under so startling an object-lesson. We understand that the critics of that school, having now recovered from their first shock of astonishment and dismay, are about to enter on their own explanations of the phenomenon. It is maintained already, by some of these oracles, that the expansion in Great Britain's revenue is distinctly a result of its heavier exports to the United States under the Wilson tariff. Prior to August, 1894, it seems, the profits of British industry were curtailed by the exclusion of their merchandise from our markets. Now, with the bars let down, they are "flooding" our entire market, and heaping up such profits that Great Britain's tax receipts have bounded up along with them. The bearing of this argument, as an authority of similar acumen once observed, lies in the application thereof.

But we greatly fear that the argument of a lower American tariff as the chief factor in British trade and revenue expansion will find some trouble with the figures. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895, the United States imported merchandise from Great Britain valued at $159,083,243. This was a large and natural increase over the year of panic and trade stagnation which preceded it. But the fiscal year 1894 was not the "banner year" of the McKinley tariff. It is the year beginning July 1, 1892, and ending June 30, 1893, in which, as protectionists are wont to boast, the McKinley act had its full influence on trade. In those twelve months the United States imported from Great Britain merchandise valued at $182,859,769. That is to say, if the Wilson act has been the only factor in the international trade movement, it has cut down our British imports 15 per cent. since the days of the McKinley law.

We do not suppose that serious and intelligent economists will found on such comparison of the figures any final conclusions regarding the operation of the tariff. The prostration of American industries, through the currency experiments of 1890, has had vastly more to do with the decline of our foreign trade since 1892 than did any change in the customs legislation. The figures do, however, amply demonstrate that the lower duties under the Wilson act have had little or nothing to do with the expanding British trade. A very noteworthy revival in foreign commerce has been going on in parts of the world quite unconnected with American financiering. While annual exports from England to the United States, since the fiscal year 1892-3, have decreased $23,770,000, Great Britain's total exports to all foreign countries have increased $45,000,000.

The London *Economist*, in its comment on the latest trade statement for the United Kingdom, has analyzed this remarkable export movement, which has extended further in the current quarter. The increase, it appears, was largest in the case of textile and metal goods. Of the textile fabrics, China, India, Japan, and Germany contributed virtually all the increase over the preceding year. Worsted goods, however, one of the largest textile commodities of export, "exhibit a falling off in consequence of a check in the trade with the United States." In the metal exports, during the month of March alone, "India took quite nine times the weight of railroad material that was shipped in March last year," while in other metals "South Africa, India, and Australasia are largely increasing their demand." But in shipments to America "there is again a serious falling off." These citations, taken quite at random, are amply corroborated by the figures and illustrate the general tendency. They simply signify that while our nation's enterprise and industry have been lying prostrate under chronic assaults on the standard of the currency and chronic tinkering with the import duties, Great Britain, with its laws fixed for all time in both particulars, has been reaching out after the expanding foreign trade of other nations. While the United States has been wondering vaguely whether it could or could not suppress its trade with Europe, England has been absorbing the new and growing markets of Africa, Australasia, and Japan. It is hardly a matter for surprise that, with this rapid extension of Great Britain's foreign trade, the annual revenue should rise to the index-mark of real prosperity.

This is the truth, looked upon from a commercial point of view. There remains, of course, the vantage-ground of Jingo criticism. We do not doubt that when these indisputable commercial facts have penetrated the thick skulls of our protectionists and inflationists, we shall hear denunciations of England's greedy snatching at the foreign trade of nations. Lodge would punish the grabber, we

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imagine, by adopting an unsound currency in the United States. McKinley would get his revenge by putting up absolutely prohibitory bars against our own foreign trade. As for American industries, they have grown used to the Lodges and McKinleys since the triumphs of 1890, and might be expected to take their dose in silence.

THE NEW NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

LONDON, April 1, 1896.

M. ALFRED STEVENS is not the only artist who has said boldly that, in painting, subjects may be dispensed with (*en peinture on peut se passer de sujet*). But this is not quite true when it is a portrait that is to be painted. The great artist may, or indeed will, make a sitter merely the motive for a beautiful arrangement of color or of lines; for that reason, however, he does not disdain the lesser task of producing a likeness. On the other hand, there are portraits, quite feeble and incompetent as paintings, that have enormous value historically. Certainly, a national portrait gallery may depend for its interest more upon its subjects than upon the artistic merit of its pictures, as a visit to the new building in St. Martin's Place will prove.

For at last the English collection of historical portraits is hung in a manner befitting its importance. The National Portrait Gallery was founded as far back as 1856, when, it is worth noting, the stately portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh, by Zuccaro, was the first purchase of the Trustees, the famous Chandos Shakspere, presented by the Earl of Ellesmere, the first donation they received. But for many years the pictures were hustled about unceremoniously, finding temporary refuge now in Westminster, now in South Kensington, where a shabby shed gave them shelter, and again in the Bethnal Green Museum, for all practical purposes as remote from the centre of London as the Louvre or the Prado. At the best their hanging in these places was a makeshift. Sir George Scharf, the late Director, might do all that was possible to increase the educational usefulness of the collection, but it is doubtful if any one journeyed to see it except the conscientious tourist and the student of more than average enthusiasm. At Bethnal Green, however, as likely as not, the portraits would have remained indefinitely had it not been for the generosity of Mr. Alexander, who provided for them the permanent home which the richest country in the world was still too poor to furnish at the public expense. The new building adjoins the National Gallery, though altogether separate from it, so that for position no better site could have been found in London. Architecturally, the gallery is not all that could be desired—the rooms are over-small, and in many the light is not so good as it might be. But on the whole it is satisfactory enough, and of course the greatest improvement upon the temporary asylums that preceded it. Besides, Mr. Lionel Cust, the new Director, has hung the pictures to such advantage, with so genuine a respect for chronological continuity, so right a feeling for decorative effect, that the defects of the building are the more easily overlooked and forgotten.

As for the collection itself, now that it is displayed as it deserves (the pictures cleaned and put in good order), no one can exaggerate its interest. Those who agree with Carlyle that, in historical investigations, one of the most primary wants is to procure a bodily likeness of the personage inquired after, will here be enabled to study and master the history of England as they never could in books alone. From Edward III. even to Queen Victoria, the country's sovereigns can be passed in review: Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, Hanoverians—in all their might or weakness, beauty or coarseness; attended by the long train of courtiers, warriors, and statesmen, poets, artists, and scientists, frail ladies and gay gallants, who have made or marred the strength, the greatness, the romance of England. Whatever else these portraits may leave in doubt, one truth is established beyond dispute: not until recent generations has royalty thought so ill of itself as to commission the least accomplished artists to paint the royal portraits. From Holbein and Zuccaro to Winterhalter and Angeli is a far cry; and late Hanoverian rooms must inevitably dwindle into dulness and insignificance after the splendor of the early Tudor and Stuart series. Once, in England, it was the pride of kings to play the patron of art with some discretion and to their own greater glory. They may have appreciated the quality of the work as little as their degenerate successors, but, in justice to themselves, they sought their portrait-painters always among the most distinguished artists of the day; and their court, dutifully, as a court should, followed suit.

This is the reason why, from the æsthetic standpoint, the earlier rooms in the Portrait Gallery are the most delightful. Trustees and directors, of course, have not enjoyed unlimited freedom in their selection; often enough, being obliged to take what they could get—at times, the copy instead of the original, at others relying upon the follower if the master was beyond reach. But when all artists of a school accepted the fine convention of its leaders, even lesser achievements, even copies, were not without style and distinction. There are finer Holbeins in the National Gallery; the one beautiful Antonio More (a Sir Thomas Gresham, simple, severe, stately), and the two or three Zuccaros (Elizabeth, queenly and imperious, beruffled and bejewelled; Raleigh, with pearls in his ears), are outnumbered by the works of unknown artists. But, for all that, the room in which the Tudor portraits hang has a splendor of decoration not to be surpassed in any other section of the Gallery. The traditions of these men were not dishonored by Geeraerts—it was he who painted Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, "subject of all verse"; by Mierevelt—and the rich harmonious Sir Horace Vere, a landscape in the Low Countries, then a battleground for English soldiers, painted beneath, may be counted his masterpieces; by Van Dyck—not so well represented, however, save in his dignified portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby; the plain, homely features of that "prodigy of learning, credulity, valour, and romance," made familiar to the fortunate possessors of his 'Receipts in Chirurgery and Cookery,' by the engraving therein published as frontispiece.

A special interest is given to this period by the appearance on the walls of the first two English painters of note, William Dobson and Robert Walker, neither as famous to-day as he should be. Dobson was called by Charles I. "The English Tintoret," and, now and then, in the winter shows of Old Masters at the Royal Academy, there is to be seen a canvas by him which proves that King Charles was not far wrong as a critic. But here, though his several paintings give some idea of the breadth and elegance of his style, none is so worthy of him as his own portrait, an arrangement in brown, with not a little of the swagger with which Velasquez loved to paint himself. Walker threw in his fortunes with the Parliament rather than with the Court, and Cromwell sat to him more than once. His "Cromwell," included in the national collection, is less plain of feature, less stern of aspect, than some other of the Protector's portraits, and an unexpected touch of jauntyism—"dandiacal," it should have seemed surely to Teufelsdröckh—is lent to it by the obsequious attentions of a youth in red who ties a scarf upon his hip over his armor.

With the second Charles we come to a lavish array of Lelys and Knellers—a series of portraits as gay and extravagant, as sumptuous and amusing, as the court life of the times. To look at all their splendid courtiers, in flowing curls and dainty velvets and silks, at all their lovely women arrayed like courtesans and posing as shepherdesses, is to read with new understanding the plays of Congreve, the memoirs of Gramont. The Gallery is very rich in examples of these two men: almost all, portraits to be remembered with pleasure for their beauty no less than their associations; a few, perhaps, leaving a stronger impression than the others—the Sir William Temple, by Lely, for instance, because of the charm of his face, that one likes to fancy with the gardens and groves of Moor Park for its background; the Buckingham, by the same painter, because of the cynical wickedness stamped upon every feature; the Congreve, by Kneller, resplendent as the mere "gentleman" whom Voltaire would never have travelled to see. Standing out with distinction, holding their own in the midst of the gorgeous flamboyancy of Lely and Kneller, are three small portraits by Hogarth: one of himself, a grotesque little figure at his easel in a room wonderfully full of atmosphere and light; another of Lord Lovat, awkward and big, and somehow suggesting the lumbering form of Dr. Johnson.

The generation of painters that could boast the names of Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney follows next in order, but hitherto their masterpieces have not come in the way of Trustees and Directors. The National Gallery can make a more brilliant showing; the Winter Academy serves as reminder of the treasures which could so appropriately find a place on national walls. Good portraits by them there are of course: Reynolds's well-known Goldsmith, with the humorous, ugly, attractive face; Romney's masterly sketch of himself; Gainsborough's General Lawrence in scarlet coat—to mention but three. Still, in this period there are great gaps which, it is hoped, will gradually be filled; for, assuredly, now that Englishmen have learned the value and importance of their national portraits, they will be eager to make the collection as perfect as possible. Opie, Hoppner, Lawrence, Raeburn, Beechey, do their utmost to maintain the beauty and stateliness of the walls, until these are given over to the commonplace of the quite modern pictures. Not even Mr. Watts's generous gifts of portrait of famous men, painted by himself, can relieve the dull Victorian dreariness, to which Winterhalter's "Prince Consort" and the copy of Von Angeli's "Queen Victoria" seem to set the standard. As far as the artist is concerned, the latest rooms of all might as well have remained closed for ever. But, in a portrait gallery, as I have said, there are other interests to be considered.

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It is when one studies the collection for its associations, personal or romantic, that it is found most inexhaustible. Not more than the slightest hint of its wealth, in this respect, is possible in the space at my disposal. If it is the history of literature that appeals to you most keenly, you may here come face to face with almost all your literary heroes, beginning with the primitive Chaucer—the Chandos Shakspere, rings twinkling in his ears; a Ben Jonson, red and coarse, the bricklayer rather than the poet's rare Ben; a Drayton all too self-conscious in his laurel wreath, down to the sketch of Stevenson by Mr. Richmond, the portraits of Browning and Tennyson and Rossetti by Mr. Watts, added but yesterday. And, as a rule, they are grouped on the walls as they were in life: there is a Queen Anne room full of poets and essayists, in turbans—Pope, unexpectedly discovered with a blue eye in one portrait, with a brown in a second, hanging by its side. And again you meet in company Byron (in an Albanian costume), and Keats and Leigh Hunt, Coleridge and Southey and Lamb—Lamb attired by Hazlitt in a Velasquez dress for the occasion, looking very old-masterish and impressive. And there is a little corner where Mrs. Browning in ringlets, and George Eliot with hair drawn primly down over her ears, and Christina Rossetti as her brother drew her, and Miss Strickland in velvet and pearls, as were proper for a "high-priestess," as Mrs. Carlyle called her, and a round, cheery little Miss Mitford, and a matronly Hannah More hang in company—with the women writers; sex rather than time being the bond of relation.

The history of artists is as amply illustrated; many following the example of Dobson and Walker and Hogarth, and painting their own portraits. Among them you may see Reynolds, an ugly youth, shading his eyes with his hand; and Benjamin West, as handsome as Gilbert Stuart could make him; and Barry, inspired by his own face as he never was by his allegorical and symbolical flights; and Blake, his simplicity of character apparently incomprehensible to Phillips, the Academician; and Bonington, in high stock, the typical youth of 1830, as Delacroix must have known him in the days when they shared their studio. But how go through the list? Or how, without making a new catalogue, record the names of all the actors and actresses whose familiar faces look down from these enchanted walls? How record the endless succession of soldiers and sailors and statesmen who have been the very backbone of England's power and might? They are almost all here—only a very few missing. And there is not a portrait that is not labelled, names and dates carefully given; sometimes, as well, a quotation, or a line, of one kind or another, to jog the sluggish memory. "It has always struck me that historical portrait galleries far transcend in worth all other kinds of national collections of pictures whatever," Carlyle told Earl Stanhope in the first embryonic days of the Gallery. Could he see it now, he would be but strengthened in his opinion. London possesses no more interesting national institution than the Portrait Gallery which has just been opened. N. N.

THE COMPLETE "FAUST" ON THE GERMAN STAGE.

WEIMAR, April 7, 1896.

"Oft wenn es erst durch Jahre durchgedrungen,
Erscheint es in vollendeter Gestalt."

SLOWLY but surely the great dramatic poem in which the genius of Goethe found its fullest expression is emerging into view for the Germans in its "finished form"; and this progress is due not so much to scholars and teachers, though these have their modest share in the work, as to the theatres, which are always the most potent agency for the popularization of the classics. It would be too much to say, no doubt, that the Second Part of "Faust" is likely to become truly popular even with the help of the stage, but people are at any rate becoming accustomed to it. Some of the best theatres, notably that of Leipzig, have dropped on principle the practice of giving the First Part alone. The rendition of the complete "Faust" at Weimar has become a regular annual festival. The Vienna performances have long been famous, and now, since last year, Munich has a new adaptation of its own. In short, the work has been played so often, in so many places, and with such success, that its dramatic availability, within the limits imposed by time and space and human powers of endurance (behind the curtain and in front of it), must now count as an established fact. The interesting question is no longer, Whether? but, How?

In thus doing its part to make the real "Faust" known the stage is atoning for its own sins and for sins not its own. For many years after the death of Goethe the Second Part was pretty generally held to be poetically worthless. The idea prevailed that the poet had written in his prime a sufficiently complete tragedy, of wonderful depth and power, ending with the death of *Gretchen;* and that then, in his old age, when his poetic powers had failed, he had unluckily tacked on the Second Part as an after-thought, making of it a repository of allegories, crotchets, and mysticism such as could only torment the real lover of poetry. It was not very surprising, therefore, that the First Part, which had not only become a literary classic, but had begun to be played with success before the completion of the entire work, should go on its course as a successful stage-play in serene disregard of its late-born complement. To play it alone seemed not only permissible, but actually like coming to the rescue of the real Goethe, the great Goethe, against his own senile aberrations. And then the composers came in with their work. Berlioz did not scruple to appropriate Goethe's lines for a radical perversion of Goethe's purpose—an artistic *lèse-majesté* which musicians sometimes still try to condone. Gounod wrote his famous opera, which has familiarized myriads in all parts of the world with a portion of Goethe's plot, but is nevertheless a mere travesty of Goethe, though matters are mended somewhat if it is given, as it really ought to be, under the name of "Marguerite." Thus the whole influence of the stage made for the dissemination not only of imperfect but of wrong impressions concerning Goethe's masterpiece.

For the inevitable effect of giving the First Part alone, whether as play or opera, is to focus attention upon the love-story. *Gretchen* becomes the real centre of interest; and as for *Faust*, one hardly knows what to make of him. His character appears detestable in spite of the Devil, and the naïve mind has no further use for him. Perdition seems the right fate for him if for anybody. One is driven to surmise that the poet must really have intended a tragedy of sin and damnation on the lines of the old legend. And when reminded that the Prologue cannot possibly be read on any such supposition, one is tempted to take refuge in the theory of a change of plan; the theory that the poet actually started his hero for hell, and then, midway in his course, decided (so to speak) to reverse engines and make for Paradise under the flag of Pelagian universalism. But this theory, though it still finds occasional defenders, is to my mind untenable in the light of present knowledge. No one can tell definitely and positively just how the young Goethe conceived the moral of the tragedy which he was destined to finish after a lapse of sixty years; but it is very certain that there was no damnation in his programme. Perhaps there was no salvation either; for he had invented a mythology of his own which took no account of the traditionary heaven and hell. *Faust* was thought of as a soaring idealist driven to desperation by much brooding over human limitations and the general badness of life. The Devil was to be a tormentor who should recommend the pleasures of time and sense as an antidote for intellectual troubles, knowing full well, however, that his victim would never be satisfied. Very likely there was no question of a mortgaged soul; the Devil was to get his reward as he went along. *Faust's* tragedy, possibly, was to be the universal tragedy of death, following upon a particularly energetic quest for the greatest possible fulness of life. He was to go down before a stronger power—the Power that had decreed man's finiteness and mortality. But that he was to go down morally, turn traitor to his better nature, and fall at last into the clutches of the mediæval Devil—of such a purpose there is no clear indication from first to last.

In the middle portion of his life, without needing to modify his youthful plan radically, Gothe determined to convert the old theological legend of sin and damnation into a drama of mental clearing-up, of reconciliation to life through life, and to "save" his hero in the traditional sense. The *Faust* of the First Part was now conceived as a wanderer in the dark who was to be led out into the light. This meant a Second Part, an ascent following the descent. We know now, too, that the idea of this Second Part, and to a great extent also its details of plot, were distinctly present to Goethe's mind during the years in which the First Part was receiving the form in which the world knows it. This being so, one sees at once that any representation of the story which ends with the death of *Gretchen* is not really Goethe's "Faust." It leaves a false impression, except, indeed, as the spectator mentally corrects what he sees from what he knows.

But this consideration would have to count for little if the Second Part were highly abstruse or dramatically weak. As a matter of fact it is neither. One can easily find fault with its occasional long-windedness, its mannerisms of style, its now and then tantalizing symbolism. Still, the great fact remains that, speaking broadly, the matter of the poem was seen with wonderful vividness and described with superb art. Signs of decadent power are obvious only in a portion of the fourth act, which was the very last to be completed; elsewhere there is not a weak line to be found, though there *is* some curious diction. As for the abstruseness, that has for the most part been read into it. And it is all dramatic, too. The feasibility of playing the "Helena" was discussed by Goethe in 1827 with Eckermann, who had remarked that the piece made severe demands upon the reader. "But it is all sensuous," Goethe answered, "and if you think of it as acted it will strike the eye favorably. More I have not intended. Enough if the general mass of spectators find pleasure in what

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they see; the higher import will not escape the initiated." What Goethe here says is vastly important and applies equally to the other portions. It is all sensuous, meant to be seen and heard; and the reader who has no chance to see and hear must visualize as best he can. The symbolism will take care of itself according to the degree of his general culture. Thus the stage is the best corrective (next to common sense) for those vagaries of allegorical and metaphysical interpretation which gave the poem in an early day such a dubious repute.

It was perhaps a consequence of the words just quoted that Eckermann, shortly after Goethe's death, undertook to prepare a stage-adaptation of the Second Part alone. Wishing to save the entire seventy-five hundred lines, he decided, with more piety than practical judgment, to distribute them over three evenings. In due time he sent his first "evening," with music by Eberwein, to several prominent theatres, all of which declined it. It was finally played at Weimar in 1856, but once was enough. Previous to this, however, namely in 1849, a portion of the Second Part was produced successfully at Dresden under the name of "The Rape of Helena." The piece was the work of Karl Gutzkow, who put together parts of the first, second, and third acts and made up a kind of semi-independent "phantasmagory," such as Goethe himself had at one time thought of. This was not "Faust," but it was a beginning which showed that Goethe had been quite right in supposing that his work would "please the eye." About the middle of the fifties, accordingly, the Second Part was laid hold of by a Hamburg man, Wollheim da Fonseca, with a view to exploiting it for stage-effects. He not only cut the text unmercifully, which is allowable and even necessary, but he added much matter of his own, amalgamated the characters of *Homunculus* and *Euphorion*, made *Helena* the ghost of *Gretchen*, et cetera. In short, like the recent London ballet of "Faust," this adaptation made no pretence of fidelity to Goethe; but it was given with success at Hamburg, independently of the First Part, and was afterwards repeated in several other places.

The first attempt to play the whole "Faust" in a spirit of decent loyalty to Goethe's plan was made at Weimar in 1875 by the late Otto Devrient, who arranged the poem as a mediæval "mystery in two days' works." The first performance was a great success, and Devrient's adaptation has since been given in many places. It is still regularly used at Leipzig and Weimar, though with many deviations from the printed book. The three-storied mystery-stage never really existed, but was invented by the elder Devrient to obviate the evil of frequent and tedious changes of scene behind the curtain. In the middle of the stage and somewhat back, one sees a raised arch with a hole underneath. This hole is "hell," its character being suggested by a series of black dragons and chimeras drawn against a fiery background and revolving for a while in an endless chain. On either side is a low flight of steps leading to a second story, which is "earth," while a third story farther back represents "heaven." In the Prologue, *Mephistopheles* emerges from the hole and lounges on the steps while talking in presence of the angels with the Lord in "heaven." In the performances I have seen, the Lord was invisible behind "clouds," but on the mystery-stage, at any rate, he should appear to the eye in the guise of an old man—the Ancient of Days. So, too, the archangels' parts were sung by women, but they ought to be spoken by men. In the further course of the action, where no heaven or hell, but very much earth, is required, Devrient's three stories are utilized in various ways—conveniently for the stage-director, but in a manner destructive of all illusion. In view of recent progress in the art of "open transformation," as the Germans call it, the mystery-stage seems hardly worth keeping. It costs more than it comes to, and Goethe, at any rate, had nothing of the kind in view.

Devrient's version gives the First Part very completely, cutting judiciously here and there, but omitting nothing except the irrelevant Intermezzo. This makes a performance more than five hours' long, which is rather too much of a good thing. At Leipzig this time was shortened a little by omitting the Walpurgis-Night, but it would be much better to sacrifice the Prelude, which has nothing to do with the play and sounds like a school exercise in declamation. On the other hand, the Second Part is reduced by free cutting to about four hours and a half. The superb opening scene—sunrise in the Alps—produces a fine effect on the stage, though not so fine as one might be led to expect from its matchless literary charm. The fairy-choruses become, of course, a ballet. The *terza rima* does not declaim easily, and the deep pregnancy of the lines is easily marred by an inadequate *Faust*. The first scene at the Emperor's court takes but moderately well. The masquerade becomes a short, bizarre spectacle, with much pantomime, leading up quickly to the Emperor's signature of the wonder-working greenback. The paper-money scene, to the reader a priceless bit of satire, is distinctly weak on the stage, but *Faust's* descent to the realm of the Mothers and the subsequent evocation of *Paris* and *Helena* call out strong applause. The Baccalaureus scene is a little less effective than its pendant in the First Part, but the scene in *Wagner's* laboratory quickly restores interest. *Homunculus* comes into being, under *Mephisto's* passes, as a tiny human figure in a large glass jar which is carried about the stage by the Devil. The figure is made luminous by a fine electric wire, and its voice proceeds from an invisible Fräulein. The motley army of classical spooks which Goethe conjures up for the Walpurgis-Night is reduced to a matter of Sphinxes, Griffins, Sirens, and Phorkyads; these last being conveniently housed in "hell." The festival in the Aegean Sea is omitted. *Faust* gets quickly to the temple of Manto without the aid of a visible Centaur, *Mephistopheles* borrows the guise of a Phorkyad, and a sudden open transformation brings on *Helena* and her Trojan maidens. The classical portion of the third act is greatly condensed, but, after the magic shifting of the scene to *Faust's* castle, the text is given much more fully. The love-idyl in Arcadia is picturesque rather than dramatic, but the *Euphorion* scene is both in a high degree, and, when well given, takes the house by storm. In the fourth act we are brought very soon to *Faust's* grand scheme of dyke-building. The battle is quickly disposed of, and we see the formal bestowal upon *Faust* of his swampy fief by the sea. The fifth act easily surpasses all that precedes in dramatic interest. The warder's song from his tower, the burning cottage, *Faust's* defiance of Dame Care, his final burst of energy, his death, the digging of his grave by the Lemurs, the battle of the devils and the angels for the possession of his soul—all these form a series of pictures which any lover of the poem may well wish to see with the bodily eye. Once seen they are not soon forgotten. On the other hand, the final apotheosis presents a problem which the stage can solve at best but very imperfectly. The sacred mount and the holy anchorites are omitted, and we are brought directly to "heaven," with the Mater Gloriosa on the throne. But the play ends weakly in comparison with the book. The modern adult finds it hard to take a stage heaven naïvely.

The success of the first Weimar performances was such that the staging of the complete "Faust" at once became a practical problem for the managers. Some of them, averse to the mystery-stage, went back for the Second Part to the Hamburg adaptation of Fonseca. This was revived in various cities, notably in Dresden, where, in a greatly improved form, it is still made use of at the Court Theatre. In other places experiments were made on the line of maximum fidelity to Goethe's text. This principle was carried farthest at Hanover, where the play was spread over four evenings; and at Mannheim, where the performance lasted until two o'clock in the morning. These experiments proved ephemeral. Quite different was the case, however, with the new adaptation brought out by Adolf Wilbrandt in 1883 at the Burgtheater in Vienna. This achieved a memorable success, maintained itself in popular favor, and has lately appeared in book form with an excellent preface by the "author," himself a well-known dramatic poet. Aside from his discarding of the mystery-stage, Wilbrandt differs most radically from Devrient in that he takes three evenings for the play. The first ends with the rejuvenation of *Faust*, the second comprises the love tragedy, and the third is devoted to the Second Part. In this arrangement the First Part is given very fully, even the lyrical dedication being included; but the Second Part is reduced very much as by Devrient, though with manifold differences in scenic details. But, in spite of Wilbrandt's undeniable success, there are serious objections to the bisection of the First Part. "Faust" is not a trilogy, and ought to be played in two evenings. Experience has shown, moreover, that it *can* be played in two evenings of tolerable length without sacrificing anything really essential to Goethe's plot. It is not a case for worship of the letter. This view, which seems to be taken by most of the German critics, has lately been carried into effect at Munich in a new adaptation by Possart. This was produced about a year ago and received with prodigious enthusiasm. It has since been repeated, and bids fair to become a permanent attraction of the Munich Court Theatre.

This review will suffice, though I might offer more evidence of a similar character, to justify the statement with which I set out. There are no longer people who think that the complete "Faust" cannot be played, though there are those who think it ought not to be played. These delight in raising the cynical query how far, after all, that "higher import" of which Goethe speaks really comes home to an average audience in the theatre. All one can say on this subject is that everything depends on the preparation the spectator brings with him. No doubt many of Goethe's lines are too subtle, too deeply charged with experience, with history, with criticism of life, to be instantly grasped by the casual playgoer. The ideas, and the connection of ideas, will often be Greek to him because they correspond to nothing within his range of experience. But then that is true of all great plays. The theatre does enough, and does much, if it provides for people of some refinement a steady and elevating enjoyment of what they see and hear. And this is possible if the general drift of the

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play is clear as it proceeds. He who would understand the great poets thoroughly must e'en study and grow older.

CALVIN THOMAS.

Correspondence.

"NAKED BED."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This expression, which was common, for centuries, in seemingly hypallatic constructions, which occurs in Shakespeare, and which is abundantly illustrated by glossarists, I adverted to, incidentally, in your 1,508th number. From my store of quotations for it I select, as follows, a few that are, comparatively, of late date:

"My love . . . suddenly leapt out of his *naked bed*." Anon., *Cloria and Narcissus* (1653), Vol. I., p. 174.

"In the Interim he was forced to support his Weak Body with a Stick; Or else he would sit in a Chair, but very rarely come into his *Naked Bed*: Only he kept himself in his Cloths, with his Head upright." Sir Roger L'Estrange, *Twenty Select Colloquies of Erasmus* (1680), p. 178.

"Yet she never scrupled to oblige him so far as to undress and go even into the *naked Bed* with him once every week." Anon., *The Adventures of Rivella* (1714), p. 49.

"This young lady went into *naked bed* in her cabbin." "She protested she would never go into *naked bed*, on board ship, again." Thomas Amory, *Life of John Buncle* (1756-66), Vol. I., pp. 94, 95 (ed. 1770).

To come into naked bed, for instance, denotes, as all students of English should be aware, "to come naked into bed"; it having formerly been long the custom, more or less, to sleep without a night-dress. And even now this way of speaking survives in Scotland, if not likewise in Yorkshire. Aged people about me, here in Suffolk, all remember it as having been current in their younger days.

One cannot but suppose that *in naked bed* must have been understood, at any time in a good number of bygone generations, in a sense different from that which it bore when first introduced. Unquestionably it was owing to mere thoughtless parrotry that it was retained, after the fashion of sleeping nude was given up, to mean, with reference to the wearer of a night dress, simply "in bed." Such being the case, it furnishes an example, in linguistics, of a tradition whose origin and import have been forgotten. Its use on Cape Cod, mentioned by your correspondent "P.," in restricted connection with a person confined to his bed by illness, as in "he is sick in his *naked bed*," is a noteworthy and interesting local Americanism.

"His coward lips did from their colour fly." Here Shakespeare hypallagizes. Only when inspected superficially, however, is there hypallage in the phrases spoken of above. *Naked bed* is there really a compound, and of the same class as *sick-bed*, *sick-room*, *blind-asylum*, *mad-doctor*, *poor-house*. In technical language, it is a combination expressing attributive relation, and should, for distinction, be changed to *naked-bed*.

Tempest, which, also, according to "P.," is synonymous, on Cape Cod, with "thunder-storm," has the same signification throughout East Anglia.

F. H.

MARLESFORD, ENGLAND, April 15, 1896.

Notes.

THE following are among the most recent announcements of Macmillan & Co.: 'Women in English Life, from Mediæval to Modern Times,' by Georgiana Hill; 'The Education of Children at Rome,' by George Clarke, Ph.D.; and 'Outlines of Economic Theory,' by Herbert J. Davenport.

An active lieutenant of O'Connell's is commemorated in a work which T. Fisher Unwin, London, has in press: 'A Life Spent for Ireland: Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt,' edited by his daughter, with a preface by Mr. Lecky. Mr. Unwin will further bring out 'Bohemia,' by C. E. Maurice, in the "Story of the Nations" series; 'The Africander,' by E. Clairmonte; and Gaston Boissier's 'The Country of Horace and Virgil,' translated by D. Havelock Fisher.

A fresh batch of reprints may fitly lead off with the Murray-Putnam edition of George Borrow's 'Bible in Spain,' in two volumes of liberal typography, which follow close in time upon Macmillan's reissue of 'Lavengro.' The title fairly masks a stirring tale of travel and adventure which must ever interest the reading public in the eccentric author. A late historian of Spain, Ulick Ralph Burke, supplied for this edition what he did not live to see in type, viz., a very useful sketch of the political evolution of Spain after the Napoleonic wars and down to the time of Borrow's first visit in 1835, together with abundant notes, historical, geographical, and illustrative—the last much needed for an allusive writer. An itinerary, maps, and several photogravures and etchings of landscape and architecture complete the thoroughly good workmanship of this edition.

More showy than the foregoing are volumes iii. and iv. of the translation of Barras's 'Memoirs' (Harpers), of which we need say nothing except that they contain an index to the entire work. After making acquaintance with this writer in the first two volumes, one has little disposition either to trust or to read him further. The translator cannot be accused of making him attractive by a readable, idiomatic version. He slavishly follows the French even to the habit of the tenses, and is quite devoid of ease or skill. But whoever owns the first half of this work will want the conclusion.

The translation of the correspondence between Renan and his sister Henriette, of which our readers have already had an account, has fallen to Lady Mary Loyd ('Brother and Sister,' Macmillan). It may be read with pleasure. The print is excellent, and there are portraits of the author and of the subject of the Memoir which precedes the letters.

From the same house we have the third volume of Björnson's novels, 'A Happy Boy,' and a charming little volume composed of 'Sir Thomas Browne's Hydriotaphia and the Garden of Cyprus.' The editor in this case is the late W. A. Greenhill, M.D., whose conscientious labor on behalf of a brother physician has established an improved text, while supplying notes, indexes, glossary, and bibliography. A plate of burial urns and two title-page facsimiles are among the ornaments of this classical pocket companion.

The widow of Prof. Tyndall has very advisedly consented to a reissue of 'The Glaciers of the Alps,' which is still in request after thirty-six years, though long out of print. It is handsomely presented by the Longmans.

A fresh lease has just been given to Prof. Barrett Wendell's novels 'The Duchess Emilia' and 'Rankell's Remains,' by Charles Scribner's Sons, who have succeeded to the Boston publishers of a decade ago.

There is some invention in Albert Lee's 'Tommy Toddles' (Harpers), in the vein of 'Alice in Wonderland,' but the punning is flat and meant for the gallery of elders, the verse intolerable; and the misuse of *shall* and *will* alone should rule the book out for children. So we have praise only for Mr. Peter Newell's illustrations, at once original and humorous, with here and there a decorative stroke of no mean quality. Collectors have long since marked this artist's productions for preservation.

Brief genealogies of three related families of Hassam, Hilton, and Cheever have been bound together for private distribution by the author, Mr. John T. Hassam of Boston. In an earlier monograph on 'Ezekiel Cheever and Some of his Descendants,' Mr. Hassam had proved that this famous old master of the Boston Latin School was not the author of portions, at least, of a MS. book of Latin and Greek verse deposited as his composition, by one of his uncritical descendants, in the Boston Athenæum. He now reverts to the subject in the present volume, reprinting the MS., and adducing other sources from which the collection was derived. Moreover, the handwriting is not Cheever's. Probably no item of the contents proceeded from his muse.

Burdett's 'Official Intelligence' for 1896 (London: Spottiswoode & Co.), a stout volume of 2,130 pages, contains a mass of thoroughly compiled and arranged information on all securities dealt in upon the London Stock Exchange, including Government stocks, home, colonial, European and American enterprises of all kinds, and notably mining, prospecting, industrial, and general promoting companies. Its notices comprise the history, capitalization, revenue statements, and lists of directors of the several concerns. The whole is arranged in proper alphabetical order. As usual, Mr. Henry C. Burdett, Secretary to the share and loan committee of the London Stock Exchange, has had the oversight of this laborious publication, which is issued under the official sanction of the Stock Exchange committee. We can but announce its appearance: the fact that it is now in its fourteenth year shows the estimation in which it is held in all financial circles.

Velhagen & Klassig (Leipzig), whose excellent popular yet scholarly books have done so much towards making the German people acquainted with what is best in literature, history, and art, have now begun a general history of art. It is to be published under the direction of Dr. H. Knackfuss, author of their widely circulated 'Deutsche Kunstgeschichte,' and editor of their series of "Künstlermonographien." The first volume, however, has been prepared by Prof. Max Georg Zimmermann, and is devoted to the art of antiquity and of the middle ages. After some introductory chapters on art in the Eastern countries and on the beginnings in Southern Europe, there is presented a brief and clear history of Greek and Roman art in all departments. In describing the art of the middle ages, the discussion is confined to the architecture, sculpture, and painting of the countries of Western Europe. The second volume will be devoted to Gothic and Renaissance art, and the third to the late Renaissance, Rococo, and Modern art. The numerous illustrations of the parts already published (in *Lieferung* fashion) are for the most part half-tone cuts from photographs of originals, and are in every way as nearly perfect as it is possible to make them. In the complete work there will be about 900 illustrations. The price, twenty-four marks,

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will doubtless allow the book to find its way into large numbers of cultured homes.

Kürschner's 'Deutscher Litteratur-Kalender' for 1896 is some four weeks later than usual. It still continues to grow, this volume containing 100 more pages than the one for 1894. Two good portraits serve as frontispieces: Gerhard Hauptmann, whose production of 1895, "Florian Geyer," met with something of a fiasco when first presented in Berlin, but after revision and copious cutting down, has since won success; and Frau Sophie Junghans, whose contribution to the literature of 1895 is the novel 'Geschieden.' The first section, describing new laws, or changes in laws, relating to literary productions in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, is very short and shows that few changes have been made. Section iv. gives a description of the Schiller, Grillparzer, and Bern prizes, and the conditions under which the prizes are awarded. After the alphabetical list of contemporary German writers come, as if appendices, a list of German publishers, with the kinds of work each one is best prepared for; a list of periodicals, with a description of each and the principal names on the editorial staff of each; a list of theatres, with the names and generally the addresses of the managers; a list of some of the leading firms engaged in the technical work of bookmaking, engraving, etc., etc.

A somewhat similar undertaking of Dr. Kürschner's, one upon which he has been working since 1888, and the first volume of which is now announced for the present year, is his 'Handbuch der Deutschen Presse.' His purpose is to make a reliable encyclopædia of German periodical literature, containing information about every German paper in the world and its personnel. The book is being prepared under five general divisions.

The sad and eventful career of a German patriot and poet of the eighteenth century has been recalled by the recent unveiling at Teplitz of a monument to Johann Gottfried Seume. The oration which was delivered on that occasion by Prof. Sauer of Prague, the editor of *Euphorion*, has just reached this country. A passionate lover of freedom, Seume was yet obliged to fight for two years in a Hessian regiment under English command against the armies of American independence; subsequently, in the Russian military service, he was present at the massacre in Warsaw in 1794; and finally he witnessed the complete degradation of his own native land. He died in 1810 before the beginning of the wars for freedom. In Seume's rugged character were combined ardent patriotism, religious atheism, ascetic morality, and healthy humor with the temperamental melancholy of Young and Gray, which, as Prof. Sauer points out, was very different from the blasé *Weltschmerz* of a later time. Deprecating the "century of paper," he nevertheless filled several volumes with his own writings. His graphic account of a nine months' tramp to Syracuse survives, and two lines from his poem, "Die Gesaenge," are familiar to thousands who never heard his name:

> "Wo man singet, lass dich ruhig nieder,
> Bösewichter haben keine Lieder."

The Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund for April, in addition to the regular reports of the excavations at Jerusalem, has an account of an interesting Latin inscription recently found in that city. As deciphered by Canon Dalton, it appears to be a votive inscription, set up about the year 117 A. D., by a *vexillarius*, or standard-bearer, of the 3d legion to Jupiter Serapis for the health or victory of the Emperor Trajan and the Roman people. There is also a short description of some Bible coins found in Palestine, and a plea for the exploration of the plateau of Et-Tih, to the north of the Sinaitic peninsula, with a view to establishing the route of the Exodus and the mountain from which the law was given. This, the writer suggests, was not the traditional Sinai, but may have been Jebel Meleg, a mountain of most impressive dimensions, lying half-way between Ismailia and Kadesh.

The opening article in the *Geographical Journal* for April is a plea, by Dr. R. H. Mill, for the preparation of a geographical description of the British Islands based on the Ordnance Survey. This is followed by a sober but encouraging account of the resources of British Central Africa, by Alfred Sharpe. He is especially hopeful in regard to the future of the negro. As the sale of "gin, guns, and gunpowder" is prohibited in the greater part of the territory, the negro has not deteriorated through his contact with the white man, and his condition has distinctly improved. The unskilled laborer in the coffee plantation soon learns skilled work, "such as carpentry, timber-sawing, brick-burning and moulding, bricklaying, overseeing, bullock-driving, etc." An African had the sole charge of the telegraph office at Blantyre, while others at this station owned land, paid their taxes in cash, and had bank accounts. Col. Holdich contributes some notes on the ancient and mediæval history and geography of Makran, the most southern district of southwestern Baluchistan, and Mr. J. Ainsworth describes a journey in British East Africa. Both these articles are accompanied by maps.

The industrial and commercial development of Japan is the subject of an interesting paper in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for April, by Mr. J. Troup, British consul at Yokohama. Notwithstanding the extraordinary growth of her foreign commerce and of every kind of industry, shown by a mass of figures and facts, he does not fear Japan's competition with the West, as some writers have done. The great discrepancy between the rate of wages is already diminishing with the increased price of food, and the dearth of labor occasioned by the war is apparently "becoming accentuated by emigration to Formosa." The other articles are upon Venezuela and the "shotts" of northern Africa.

The disastrous ice-fall that occurred on the slopes of the Gemmi pass in Switzerland last September has lately been reported on in considerable detail by Heim of Zurich, who has made a special study of avalanches, landslides, and other catastrophes to which vigorous young mountain ranges are subject. In this instance, a great sheet of ice, detached from the lower end of an elevated glacier of the second order, rushed down the mountainside, sped across the valley at its foot, and in part swiftly flowed up the opposite slope, then falling back like a wave from a steep shore. A destructive blast of wind was produced by the air outrushing from beneath the falling mass; thus a considerable space was laid waste on all sides, and even large forest trees were overturned. The report is published as a New Year's issue by the Naturforschende Gesellschaft of Zurich, and is well illustrated.

No controversy in the history of art has recently been more bitter than that concerning Raphael's artistic origin. Those who upheld his derivation from Perugino have based themselves largely on the belief, hitherto unassailed, that Raphael's "Sposalizio," now in the Brera, was a close copy of a famous altar-piece once in the Cathedral of Perugia, but for the last eighty years the chief pride of Caen in Normandy — a work hitherto considered an undoubted Perugino, and, as such, held to be one of the important national possessions of France. In the April number of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, Mr. Bernhard Berenson maintains that the Caen "Sposalizio" was not painted by Raphael at all, but that its real author was his second-rate fellow-pupil, Giovanni Lo Spagna, and that the Caen altar-piece, far from having served as a model for the gifted young Sanzio's masterpiece, is a mere imitation of that work.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society originated at William and Mary College, Va., in 1776. Much the larger part of the April number of the *College Quarterly* is given up to a reprint of the records from the Society's foundation to 1781 (when the advent of the British interrupted both meetings and records), and to illustrative biographical and other matter supplied by President Lyon G. Tyler. Here will be found the original charter granted to Harvard chapter. The editor also does something to elucidate the pedigree of President Monroe, in which a single link lacks positive evidence. The Monroes, while entirely respectable, "never held the same state in society as the Lees, Washingtons, Allertons, Ashtons, and a few other great families of Westmoreland and King George Counties," with which there were no intermarriages.

—The eighteenth century seems to be coming to its own at the end of the nineteenth; and in the flood of reprints none should be more welcome than a new edition of Johnson's best literary legacy, his 'Lives of the Poets.' Such an undertaking, in six volumes (the original edition was in four), under the editorial care of Mr. Arthur Waugh, is to be carried through—in this country—by the Scribners, who send us the first volume. The new 'Lives,' in handy and attractive form, is to be an exact reprint of the edition of 1783, in phrasing, punctuation, and spelling; and the editor has limited his functions to bibliographical and biographical notes. Johnson is a fit subject for such emendations, as even his enormous memory had its lapses, and he trusted to it too confidently or too indolently. He handed over the MS. of his Life of Rowe, with its many résumés, complacently remarking that the thing was pretty well done considering that he had not read one of Rowe's plays for thirty years. His reproach of Savage for having "a superstitious regard to the correction of his sheets," and his open scorn for Andrew Reid, who professed himself a "master of the secret of punctuation," have their implications concerning his own practice. More than once he openly repudiates painstaking, as when, referring to the praise bestowed on Congreve's "Incognita," he says, "I would rather praise it than read it"; or, impatiently turning away from Akenside's Odes, he observes: "To examine such compositions singly cannot be required; when they are once found to be generally dull, all further labor may be spared; for to what use can the work be criticised that will not be read?"

—Cowley, Denham, Milton, Butler, Rochester, and Roscommon are dispatched in this first volume, and portraits of the greater four adorn the page. Mr. Waugh's notes are based, as he tells us, upon the monographs on eighteenth-century writers by Leslie Stephen, Mr. Craik, Austin Dobson, and others, and especially upon the 'Dictionary of Na-

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tional Biography.' One is surprised to find no allusion to Birkbeck Hill's Boswell, and to discover that Mr. Waugh prefers, apparently, another edition. A reissue of Johnson with no aid from the first of Johnsonians would be a curiosity—excusable, perhaps, on the ground that Mr. Waugh so rigidly confines himself to a sort of sublimated proof-reading, and waives all attempts at criticism, or at letting Johnson expound Johnson. The 'Lives' surely have a flavor of their own which many readers would, no doubt, be thankful to be left to themselves to enjoy; but it would seem as if the temptation would have been irresistible to illustrate the more formal Johnson of the 'Lives' by the undress Johnson of the Literary Club. Doubtless the criticism in both characters is at bottom one and the same; and even in the printed page we find much of the pungency, the vigor, the elephantine gambolling of the autocrat of the club. As to his critical standards they were, of course, those of his age. Milton and Shakspere were well enough for a barbarous period, but Dryden and Pope had made "English numbers" truly harmonious and perfect. Judged by Tennyson's saying, recorded by Fitz Gerald, that "Lycidas" is an infallible touchstone of poetical taste, Johnson had no taste at all. But a critic can, no more than a poet, be torn from the soil in which he grew; and in the formal landscape of the eighteenth century Johnson yields an impression of agreeable variety. In his 'Lives' we are but following Leslie Stephen when we say that he is seen at his best.

—Mr. Henry Bradley takes the floor in the current issue of the Oxford Dictionary—Field-Fish (Macmillan). His catholic vocabulary embraces the adjectival *fin-de-siècle*, "pertaining to, or characteristic of, the end of the (19th) century; characteristically 'advanced' or modern," with a first quotation from the London *Daily News* of December, 1890. We remark also the vocables *fine art, fine gentleman, fine lady*, without the hyphen. Orthographically, perhaps nothing is more curious than *filigrane*, whose present spelling is first recorded in 1794, for the substantive; and only in 1847 for the adjective, at the end of eleven quotations of which no two are spelt alike. The decline of the *fig* (including raisin) in special estimation is interestingly shown by a great number of obsolete forms, meanings, and expressions derived from that fruit. On the other hand, we miss the *fin* and *fin-keel* associated with the latest development of racing yachts and war-ships. Too recent, again, are quotations only of 1891 for "fifth wheel of a coach," and of 1883 for "figure-head" ("said deprecatingly of one who holds the position of head of a body of persons, a community, a society, etc., but possesses neither authority nor influence"). The transitive verb *finance* is shown to have been a neologism in 1866, but our "somewhat colloquial" substantive *find* ("that which is found") goes back to 1847 as a dictionary word, and to 1858 in literary use, in connection with gold. We hear much just now of "filled cheese," and this article has been known since 1890 at least, while the sense 'adulterated' applied to cottons is three years older. "First come, first served" is met with in 1545. The topical *firstly* was unknown to Johnson, but was recognized by Smart in 1846; Mr. Bradley says that "many writers prefer *first*, even though closely followed by *secondly, thirdly*, etc." That *finality* with which we were repeatedly familiar in the days of pro-slavery compromise turns up in 1833 in connection with the Reform Bill. Mme. D'Arblay stands sponsor in 1778 for *fight shy* (with). It is common to speak of colors which "kill" each other by juxtaposition; Miss Yonge's reference to "tints that 'fight' with the fewest colors" harks back to Shakspere's "note the fighting conflict of her hue, how white and red each other did destroy." Among the indeterminate etymologies is that of *filch*, which, "like many other slang words, [is] first recorded in the 16th century." The substantive *firm* "first occurs in translations from Spanish writers," but, in the sense of 'style,' "was probably taken, like other commercial words, from Italian."

—Readers of Sir William Fraser's former books on Wellington and Disraeli know just what to expect in his 'Napoleon III.' (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; New York: Scribners). The volume is a farrago of anecdotes good, bad, and indifferent, jumbled together without any attempt at order or proportion. Sir William Fraser begins by stating that he had the honor of knowing two ladies to both of whom the Emperor Napoleon III., when an exile in London, proposed marriage, and on the strength of this acquaintanceship he seems to have been interested in the career of the imperial despot who ruined France by his corrupt government in time of peace as much as by his fatuous foreign policy. Perhaps the most interesting of Sir William Fraser's stories concerns a supposed project of the exile of Chiselhurst to regain his throne. "Not only was his return to Paris intended, but every detail had been arranged. A private yacht was to be used to land the Emperor at some port undetermined in the northern corner of France, or possibly in Belgium. I had this from the proprietor of the yacht, the late James Ashbury; he had more than once mentioned the circumstance to me, and he repeated it the evening before his death. Landing secretly, the arrangement was that the Emperor should proceed at once to the camp at Châlons, where forty or fifty thousand men were assembled for the purpose of manœuvre; declaring himself, he was to head this army and march at once upon Paris" (p. 244). An entertaining piece of information for most Americans about the personal appearance of the "father of his country" is contained in the following comparison: "Speaking with an American of some eminence, I described Napoleon III., with hesitation, as having the eyes of that most intelligent of animals, the pig. Gen. R. observed, 'That was the term applied to Washington, "the pig-eyed Washington."' After hearing this I do not hesitate to put it down" (p. 135). These are typical passages from the volume of the garrulous old dandy, whose birth and career in the Guards and in Parliament enabled him to see much not permitted to the vulgar gaze, but who seems to be chiefly proud of the smallness of his feet, to which delightful fact he more than once pointedly refers.

—Already plans for the total eclipse of the sun at about midnight, Eastern standard time, August 8-9, are fully matured. The first observers who may have an opportunity to catch the total eclipse will be several parties of English amateurs on the west coast of Norway near Bodö, where the sun will only just have risen. Farther to the northeast, in Finland, near the Varanger Fiord, at Vardö and Vadsö, the scientific astronomers will be out in full force, among them Mr. E. W. Maunder of the Royal Observatory, Mr. Albert Taylor of South Kensington, Sir Robert Ball of Cambridge, M. Deslandres of Paris, M. Tacchini of Rome, Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch of Boston, Mr. Taylor Reed of Princeton, and Prof. S. Glasenapp of the University of St. Petersburg, accompanied by Mr. Vutchikhovsky, together with some fifty amateur observers, chiefly English, for whose accommodation three tourist steamers will be run to the belt of the total eclipse. Going still further north, into latitude north 72°, the track of the shadow-path crosses Goose Land near Möller Bay, on the west coast of the southern island of Nova Zembla. Here will be stationed the representatives of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg and of the Kazan Society of Naturalists. At this point the eclipse-path begins to curve southeasterly, crossing the Lena near Olekminsk, whither the Imperial Geographical Society will send Mr. Voznesensky, Director of the Meteorological Observatory at Irkutsk. Five years ago was founded a Russian Astronomical Society which will ambitiously place in the field three parties on Russian soil, their chief station being on the Lena and the others on the Ob, and in the eastern parts of the Uleaborg province, to the north of Enontekis. At all these stations the corona will be the chief object of study by means of ordinary methods of photography. Still further to the southeast, on the lower Amur, will be an important expedition in charge of Mr. Wittram, sent out by the Imperial Russian Observatory at Pulkova.

—From there the moon's shadow traverses the earth still in a southeasterly direction, crossing the great northern island of the Japanese Empire known as Yezo, or the Hokkaido, from Soya, its most northern point, to Akeshi. On this island will be established not less than seven stations, three of them occupied by the Amherst eclipse expedition, headed by Prof. Todd of that institution, and equipped by the liberality of Mr. D. Willis James and his son Mr. Arthur Curtiss James, in whose private yacht, the *Coronet*, the Amherst expedition sailed from San Francisco last week, via Honolulu. Their main station will be in the neighborhood of Akeshi Bay, on the southeast coast of Yezo. A few miles southwest, at Kushiro, the Astronomer Royal of England, Mr. Christie, will establish himself, accompanied by Prof. Turner of Oxford, and Capt. Hills, R.E. Likewise on the island of Yezo will be two Japanese parties, sent out from the Government observatories of Tokyo; also the Lick Observatory expedition, led by Prof. Schaeberle, assisted by Mr. Buckhalter of the Chabot Observatory at Oakland, California. Not since the great eclipse of 1878 in our western country have so many eclipse observers been in the field, and clear skies will insure a rich harvest of results.

MARY ANDERSON'S MEMOIRS.

A Few Memories. By Mary Anderson (Mme. de Navarro). Harper & Brothers. 1896.

IN her modest little preface to these "Few Memories," Mme. Navarro declares that she wrote them chiefly for young girls, "to show them that the glitter of the stage is not all gold, and thus to do a little towards making them realize how serious an undertaking it is to adopt a life so full of hardships, humiliations, and even dangers." It is doubtful whether her experience, as she relates it, will be regarded as a very terrible warning by such ambitious novices as may happen to turn to it for instruction. Most of them (for they are a

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sanguine race) will find much more in it to encourage than to dispirit them. As a matter of fact, considering her opportunities and the limited amount of her artistic capital, Miss Anderson's stage career was extraordinarily smooth and prosperous, running a course of continuous and increasing popularity, and ending in fortune and present, if not permanent, renown, while she was still in the full bloom of youth. Of course she encountered occasional checks, the ordinary and inevitable difficulties caused by pecuniary straits, the fickleness of public taste and professional jealousies—trials which she endured with patience and good temper and overcame by determination; but, on the whole, she prospered beyond all reasonable expectation, and reaped, almost in the days of her raw novitiate, the rewards which most actors, even when far more richly equipped, dream of enjoying only after many long years of arduous labor.

No one familiar with her stage achievements and her imperfect training would expect to find in Mme. Navarro's book any new or valuable reflections on the art of acting or stage production, any subtle or illuminative analysis of plays or characters, any striking or original views on the responsibilities or privileges of management, or anything like an intelligent comparative study of the methods of famous actors. It is only fair to add that she expressly and very properly disclaims all pretensions to literary or critical ability. As a contribution to theatrical literature her volume is of very small importance, but as a bit of autobiography it is exceedingly interesting on account of its unconscious revelation, in a thousand unpremeditated simplicities, of the personality of the writer, which belongs to a very high type of womanhood, high-spirited, frank, joyous, tender, enthusiastic, innocent, religious without a taint of cant, and self-reliant without a trace of envy. Only a strong and healthful nature could breathe so long the infected atmosphere of the footlights without contamination. From first to last in her book there is not one note of affectation or insincerity. In the beginning she writes like a bright schoolgirl, with very little sense of cohesion or proportion. She chatters of dolls and other nursery matters, and of tom-boy freaks which are not uncommon or worthy of record except as indications of character.

The *Richelieu* of Edwin Booth, she says, first inspired her with a passion for the stage, and the fact is curious, for it seems to indicate an appreciation of the effect of that elaboration of detail to which she never paid much attention. This performance set her to practising on her own account, and, in the secrecy of a garret, she began to rehearse not only *Richelieu*, but *Richard* and *Hamlet*. At this time she was a great, gawky girl of sixteen, and the absurdity of her choice, apparently, never occurred to her. Possibly these early experiments may have helped to develop that wonderful voice which contributed so greatly to her later success. At all events, it was in these characters that she first acted in a private rehearsal before Charlotte Cushman, who promptly recognized her natural advantages, and sent her to George Vandenhoff for "trimming and clipping." This correct and intelligent but formal and unimaginative actor doubtless regulated many of her rough edges and gave her valuable hints, but it may be doubted whether the ten half-hours which she spent in his company were of much material benefit to her. She probably profited more from the friendly aid of John McCullough, who esteemed her abilities very highly, and devoted many of his leisure hours to rehearsing with her in scenes from various standard plays. It was to him that she owed the opportunity of making her first public appearance as *Juliet*, and she gives a naïve account of that, to her, memorable performance. A little later on she secured a week's engagement, during which she played *Bianca*, *Julia*, *Evadne*, and *Pauline*, as well as *Juliet*. Her first real popular success was won in New Orleans as *Meg Merrilies*, and she innocently dwells upon the effect which she created by her simulation of bent decrepitude, unconscious of the fact that Scott describes the old woman as being as tall and straight as a grenadier, and that she was abusing grossly the special qualifications with which beneficent nature had endowed her. To the end of her career she persisted in this misrepresentation, which is worthy of remark because it emphasizes the lack of true dramatic insight and adaptability more or less conspicuous in all her characterizations. A striking instance of this is afforded in her own confession that she was quite unable to adapt herself to W. S. Gilbert's conception of *Galatea*. Rightly or wrongly, he wished her to exhibit a little more consciousness of the comic or satiric value of some of her speeches, but she could not subdue her own personality to the suggested conditions, and in the end he was obliged to allow her to follow her own line. Possibly her way was the better, but that is not the question.

It was in Chicago that she met with her first serious professional reverse. In that city the critics attacked her savagely and her engagement was a failure. She faced the situation with courage and admirable temper, and it is much to her credit that she plainly was more concerned at the pecuniary loss sustained by her stanch friend John McCullough than at the temporary extinction of her own hopes. These were soon revived by successful engagements elsewhere, and were never dashed again. Her youth and beauty, the air of freshness and purity which she carried about with her, her nationality, and her fine flashes of declamatory power, made her a popular pet, and she had many powerful friends. One of them was Gen. Sherman, the most lenient of theatrical critics. It was at his suggestion that she played *Galatea* and *Lady Macbeth*, and he was courageous enough to declare that he preferred her in the latter character. But it is unnecessary to dwell upon Miss Anderson's stage career in detail. Everybody knows that it was prosperous, both here and in England, in an extraordinary degree, but her triumphs were personal rather than artistic, and she created no standard of excellence except possibly in *Galatea*, for which her classic face and figure preëminently fitted her, and in *Perdita*, which she played with an exquisite buoyancy, simplicity, and grace not easily to be forgotten.

The real interest and charm of her book lie in the story of her life outside the theatre, and especially that part of it which was passed in England, where her theatrical reputation and the kindly offices of influential friends secured her not merely the acquaintance but the friendship of many of the most distinguished men and women of the day; and she tells of these amicable relations with a delightful unconsciousness, which proves that her nature was entirely unspoiled by the flattering attentions bestowed upon her. She relates a most characteristic anecdote of James Russell Lowell. She had asked him whether he had seen Bernhardt in "La Tosca," and he replied sharply in the negative, adding, by way of explanation, "I refuse to have my mind dragged in the gutter"—a pungent sentence, which expresses in a breath the whole abominable tendency of the later Sardou drama, the deliberate prostitution of genius for the sake of gain. Lowell, of course, was a friend of the higher theatre, but Cardinal Manning regarded the stage as an unmitigated evil. He told Mme. Navarro that he had prayed for her retirement from the footlights. His main objection to the actor's life is worth quoting:

"From our cradles," he said, "we all have a tendency to act. Small boys pretend to be men, soldiers, anything but what they are. Tiny girls play at being mothers, cradling their dolls. The so-called art of acting increases this tendency in those who witness it almost as much as in those who practise it. I cannot conceive how the latter can escape being led in time to an unconscious development of artificiality or exaggeration in their thoughts, and, as a natural result, in their speech and manner."

The fallacy of all this in general application is too obvious to need refutation, but the argument is curious as an illustration of the danger of studying a question from one point of view only.

With Tennyson Miss Anderson enjoyed uncommon intimacy, and she furnishes a fascinating glimpse of the poet in his inner home life, revelling in comic stories, of which he had a vast collection, contributed by Lowell and other friends, or plunging through rain and mire, in his great cloak and heavy boots, stopping at frequent intervals to descant upon the subtler beauties of nature or to point out some precious woodland shrub or flower. At other times she sat at his knee while he recited long passages from his own works in the deep rhythmical chant which was so strangely impressive. She was breakfasting with Mr. Gladstone in Downing Street when the party was startled by the crash of the dynamite explosion at the British Admiralty close by. The great statesman was chatting learnedly, eloquently, and gayly about old and modern toys, when the startling interruption came, and was the only one of the company who showed no sign of fear. He proceeded instantly to the scene of the outrage, and upon his return spoke briefly of the cowardice of the deed. A minute later he had dismissed the subject, and was joking about the intricacies of female cloaks and other garments.

Wilkie Collins, one of her warmest friends and admirers, confided to her the story of his torments from gout in the eyes, which wrung from him such cries of agony that he could scarcely find an amanuensis who could endure to listen to his dictation. As all the world knows, he sought relief in heroic doses of opium, and he declared to her that he dictated the finale of 'The Moonstone' while under the influence of the drug, and, afterwards, did not recognize it as his own composition. He told her how Charles Reade, at the funeral of Charles Dickens, leaned upon his shoulder and wept. She has fresh stories, too, of George F. Watts, who painted her portrait, of Browning, Newman, Longfellow, Lord Houghton, Helen Faucit, Alma-Tadema, Max Müller, Ruskin, and others, but space will not permit their reproduction. In Paris she was introduced to Hugo, and noted that in kissing a lady's hand he never bent his own head, but raised the hand to his lips, which is a happy bit of observation. She tells, with her wonted ingenuousness, an anecdote of Bernhardt, who imposed upon her credulity in characteristically theatrical fashion. "I will act specially for you to-night," quoth that guileless Frenchwoman,

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"but it will be bad for me." And lo, at the end of the performance, Sarah lay prostrate on the stage, pressing to her lips a handkerchief on which, as she showed after her revival with champagne, there was an ominous spot of blood. This stroke of acting impressed Mme. Navarro greatly, and it must be admitted that Sarah kept her promise.

The latter half of the book, relating her professional and holiday experiences in England and Ireland, and her American farewell, is much better than the first, and is written in an agreeable, vivacious, simple style. The matter of it is not often of much importance either as information or instruction, but it is entertaining, and the manner is so simple and honest, so free from boastfulness or petty jealousy or pretension of any sort, that the sympathy of the reader is enlisted from beginning to end. If Cardinal Manning had lived to read it, he would have been forced to acknowledge that there is nothing inconceivable in the proposition that a pure and strong nature may enact a sham without becoming one.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY.

The Growth of British Policy: An Historical Essay. By Sir J. R. Seeley, Litt.D., K.C.M.G., formerly Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1895. 2 vols., pp. xxiv, 436, 403.

The History of the Foreign Policy of Great Britain. By Montagu Burrows, Chichele Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. London: W. Blackwood & Sons; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895. Pp. xiv, 372.

THESE two books are alike in their treatment as well as in their subject. Neither of them is, in the strict sense of the word, a history; the authors do not profess to have made any elaborate study of sources; references, even to secondary authorities, are in both books few and far between; and the object aimed at is rather to stimulate interest in the long story of British foreign policy than to narrate its detailed history. Sir John Seeley, indeed, frankly terms his work an historical essay, by which he denotes its nature rather than its length, for it fills two closely printed volumes, while Prof. Burrows's book is in every way even more of an essay than Sir John Seeley's. The prevailing intention in both works is the same, namely, to outline the story of the way in which the insular state of Great Britain and Ireland has been drawn in self-defence at times into Continental politics, and to exhibit the reasons for which, at other times, it has withdrawn from its position, and has either deliberately avoided foreign complications or looked indifferently upon the events in the history of other European nations.

Sir John Seeley's 'Growth of British Policy' has a sympathetic interest in that it is the last work from the pen of a busy writer and stimulating thinker, which occupied him during the closing years of his useful life. The essay is appropriately preceded by a brief biography of Seeley by his friend Prof. Prothero of Edinburgh University, who was acknowledged, for many years before his promotion to the chair of history at Edinburgh, to be the leading spirit among historical workers at Cambridge. Prof. Prothero's work has been done with graceful skill. The life of Sir John Seeley, as he portrays it, was not eventful, and its epochs are marked by the publication of his different works. The son of a Fleet Street publisher, John Richard Seeley spent his youth and early days among books, and gave early evidence of literary capacity. He was born in London in 1834, educated at the City of London School, went up to Cambridge with a scholarship at Christ's College in 1852, was bracketed Senior Classic with two others in 1857, and afterwards obtained a fellowship at his college. In 1863 he succeeded F. W. Newman as Professor of Latin at University College, London, and in 1869 he succeeded Charles Kingsley as Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, a post which he held until his death in January, 1895. Such an appointment as that of Seeley to the Cambridge chair would not be tolerated at the present time, for Seeley made no pretensions at that time to rank among English historical scholars. He had attained reputation rather as a religious thinker than as an historian, by the publication of his well-known book, 'Ecce Homo,' in 1865, in which he had laid weight on the human side of the life of Christ to the exclusion of the divine attributes, in a way that aroused the wrath of all the Christian churches in England. But Seeley's appointment by Mr. Gladstone was at least no worse than Lord Palmerston's appointment of Charles Kingsley to the same chair of history at Cambridge a few years previously, for Kingsley's only equipment for the teaching of history was the fact of his having written some historical novels.

After settling at Cambridge, Seeley devoted himself with enthusiasm to the work of instruction, and he became also a voluminous writer on historical subjects. He belonged, indeed, as an historian to the bygone school which looked upon the study of history merely as a useful guide and corrective in estimating current political forces, and he considered the work of the historian to be the inculcation of political lessons, and not simply the ascertainment of the truth with regard to the events of the past. Seeley, in short, was more of a politician than an historian. He had no inclination for the laborious work of research. He preferred to look upon history in the large rather than in detail. His imagination was stirred by great events and far-reaching issues, and his patriotism was ever aroused by the contemplation of the growth of the power of the British Empire. But these characteristics of his mind, joined to the possession of a singularly luminous and effective literary style, made him more of a power in his native land than a trained historian could possibly have been. A special merit of Seeley's books is their readableness. His 'Life of Stein,' for instance, is little better than a compilation from the great work of Pertz, but it is infinitely more readable than the work of the German biographer, and his 'Short History of Napoleon I.,' though a poor piece of work from the point of view of the historical student, has approved itself to the general reader more than many better books.

Seeley's last years were occupied in studying the earlier stages of the growth of England into an imperial Power, and the work we are considering may be regarded as an introduction to his 'Expansion of England.' But 'The Expansion of England,' though abounding in stimulating ideas, is, after all, only a brilliant essay. An indispensable preliminary to a more elaborate treatment of the growth of the empire was an introductory study of the development of the British policy which made the British Empire possible. This introductory study we have in the two volumes before us. Had Seeley lived, they would have been followed, doubtless, by the more extended examination of the growth of the empire in the eighteenth century which he had in mind. The period covered is from the reign of Elizabeth to the reign of William III., and a leading contention of our author is that for this period the English foreign policy is dominated by the fact that there is as yet no Great Britain, and that Ireland is neither a helpless dependency of the British crown nor an independent nation. As long as England and Scotland remained separate kingdoms, and Ireland was practically a half-settled, half-conquered alien country, it was impossible for a British policy to exist, with an empire of the seas and colonies and trading dependencies in distant continents in prospect. The keynote of English history up to the time of William III. is the relation between the different parts of what is now the United Kingdom; and the foreign policy of Elizabeth, of the Stuarts, of Cromwell, and of William III. is subordinated to or affected by the important question of building up an insular state which shall, when united, build up the British Empire. Seeley points out that what characterizes the Elizabethan age is not the period of the great war with Spain which is naturally associated with it, but the long period of peace which preceded the open outbreak of war, during which England, in happy contrast to the nations of the Continent, remained undisturbed by religious war at home, forgot the fires of Smithfield and the Marian persecution, and prepared for an era of naval adventure and commercial extension in Asia and America. The successful struggle with Spain in the later years of the Queen's reign was the revelation to the world of a new phase of existence. But the struggle with Spain could not be triumphantly waged by an isolated England, and therein lies the importance of the right understanding of Elizabeth's policy towards other anti-Spanish parties like the Dutch and the French Huguenots on the one hand, and towards Scotland and Ireland on the other.

After the long period of the Civil War, of which a side not less important than the constitutional struggle between King and Parliament—namely, the independent action of England, Scotland, and Ireland—is skilfully indicated by Sir John Seeley, came the brief period of Cromwell's ascendancy, when the insular state arrived at a brief and premature unity, and the imperial policy of future times was foreshadowed by the conquest of Jamaica and the triumphant intervention of the Lord Protector in the contest between Spain and France. The reigns of the last two Stuarts, like those of the first two, are signalized by a period of reaction. The constituent parts of the United Kingdom again separate, and foreign policy is guided, not by imperial considerations, but by the French tendencies of the Stuart kings and their voluntary, though sometimes interrupted, adherence to the schemes of their cousin, Louis XIV. The Revolution of 1688, which had its origin as much in the national feeling of repulsion towards the disgraceful foreign policy of the later Stuarts in subordinating English to French interests as in the desire to overthrow an unconstitutional monarch, bent on restoring the Catholic religion in both England and Scotland, brought about a revival of the imperial policy of Cromwell in insular, commercial, oceanic, and Continental policy. It was William III. who, more successful than Cromwell in that his power rested on a bloodless revolution instead of on military force, was enabled to point

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out to the people of the United Kingdom the line of their destiny. In insular policy, indeed, it was reserved for the statesmen of Queen Anne to bring about the union between England and Scotland which put an end to the possibility of a separation between the two once hostile portions of the island of Great Britain, but it was William III. who made that union possible, and, with regard to Ireland, the fastening of the Protestant domination upon the necks of the Irish people, which rendered Ireland a helpless dependency of Great Britain, was deemed necessary, owing to the resistance the Catholic Irish had offered to the Revolution of 1688 and their adhesion to the Stuarts and to France. It was in the reign of William III., too, that England took up her position as a preëminently commercial state, at peace with her former commercial rivals, the Dutch, and ready to share her trade (since in no other way could political union be attained) with her old antagonists, the Scots, and established herself firmly on the road to commercial greatness which had been pointed out in the reign of Elizabeth and partly attained during the government of Cromwell.

But British commercial greatness could not be firmly founded unless supported by a strong oceanic power and such a Continental policy as should prevent the interference of European Powers to its detriment. It was during the reign of William III. that Britain learned her rôle upon the seas; and the series of naval victories which had commenced with the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, which had been illustrated in the days of Cromwell by the exploits of Blake, but which had recently been intermitted, began again with the victory of La Hogue in 1692. British commercial greatness, however, depended upon something more than naval power, and was based no less upon the maintenance and growth of her colonies across the Atlantic, and of her trading factories in India and the East, for the peaceful development of which Britain had not only to be supreme upon the seas, but to prevent the growth of any rival in Europe. The Continental policy of William III. is important both from an international point of view, in that he headed the league of Europe against Louis XIV., and commenced the work of restraining French ambition and aggression, which Marlborough carried to triumphant success, and also in its influence on British policy, which at the Treaty of Utrecht showed its commercial and colonial tendencies in the acquisition for the British crown of Gibraltar and Minorca and Nova Scotia and in the Asiento clause.

Although it suffers from publication at the same time with Sir John Seeley's masterpiece, 'The History of the Foreign Policy of Great Britain' by Prof. Montagu Burrows of Oxford has some merits of its own which should not be overlooked. His volume deals mainly with the eighteenth century, and therefore from one point of view rivals Seeley's 'Expansion of England,' and from another follows out in miniature the sequel of the story contained in Seeley's last book. Prof. Burrows has as clear a grasp of principles as Seeley, but he works upon a slighter scale, and does not attempt the examination of so many national and international forces as his Cambridge colleague. By far the most important part of his essay deals with the causes of the outbreak of war with Spain in 1739. It has been constantly the habit to regard the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole which led to this war as purely factious, and Prof. Burrows has done good service in pointing out the reality of the grievances under which English commerce suffered from the Spanish maritime policy, which, when exemplified in the story of Jenkins's ear, caused the explosion of national wrath that overthrew Walpole and opened a long era of naval and colonial war. Prof. Burrows, further, never forgets that he was once a captain in the royal navy, and, throughout his book, lays weight on the naval importance of the British wars of the eighteenth century. He refers most appreciatively to Capt. Mahan's famous work, but, long before Mahan had been heard of, Prof. Burrows had shown his sense of the importance of British naval history in his 'Life of Lord Hawke,' of which he announces a new and improved edition. In his later chapters, when dealing with the wars waged by Britain with the French Revolution and Napoleon, Prof. Burrows hardly handles his subject with equal felicity. He is blinded by his admiration for the younger Pitt and for Canning. He actually attributes to Canning the chief merit for the successful resistance to Napoleon, and barely mentions the name of Lord Castlereagh, the great statesman who guided the formation of the last European coalition, who directed the policy of Britain in the final struggle, and who shares with the Czar Alexander I. the glory of overthrowing the Corsican adventurer.

BOUGAINVILLE.

La Jeunesse de Bougainville et la Guerre de Sept Ans. [Les Français au Canada.] Paris: Daupeley-Gouverneur. 1896. Pp. 190.

THIS monograph is, in size, rather more than a *brochure* and rather less than a book. Its author, M. René de Kerallain, seeks to present a picture of the leading incidents of the Seven Years' War in Canada, as seen through the eyes of a gallant, active, and intelligent young Frenchman who was in the thick of the fray from the capture of Oswego to the fall of Quebec. Louis Antoine de Bougainville has other titles to fame than his career as first aide-de-camp to Montcalm from 1756 till 1759. He was the first French circumnavigator, he bore an honorable part in the battle between Rodney and De Grasse, he was chosen a member of the Institute at its formation, and, under the Napoleonic régime, he became Senator, Count of the Empire, and member of the Legion of Honor. He was also, through his work on Integral Calculus, a fellow of the Royal Society. When we add that he had his full share of pleasure—pleasure according to French and eighteenth-century definition—it will be seen that he was a many-sided man. But Bougainville has found a detractor in the Abbé Casgrain, professor of history at Laval University, and one of the most spirited *national* writers who have dealt with the wars of French Canada. The Abbé Casgrain is perhaps best known through his 'Pèlerinage au Pays d'Évangéline,' in which he exposed the garbled character of "Selections from the Public Documents of the Province of Nova Scotia," Parkman's chief source for the fourth and eighth chapters of 'Montcalm and Wolfe.' Above all things he is jealous for the reputation of his compatriots, the French Canadians, and is anxious to rehabilitate the *habitant* of the eighteenth century whenever hostile testimony is brought to light. Bougainville, in his Journal and in his letters, admits that the Canadian is a good woodsman, but in other respects sets him down a poor creature. He taxes him with cruelty, chicanery, and with the whole host of undesirable traits which a half civilized existence begets. The Abbé Casgrain is not the man to allow such a description to go unchallenged. In 'Montcalm et Lévis' he assails the quality of Bougainville's evidence by impeaching Bougainville himself. The essay under review is the rejoinder of one of Bougainville's descendants, an historical writer who is quite competent to meet the Abbé Casgrain on his own ground.

We have already called attention, in our review of 'Un Pèlerinage au Pays d'Évangéline,' to the Abbé Casgrain's comfortable eclecticism. M. de Kerallain takes up the charge, reiterates, and goes beyond it. Whereas we referred to nothing more than a convenient gift of shutting the eyes, this new critic ranges first among the counts of his indictment wilful *suppressio veri*: "Assurément, l'auteur canadien dont l'ouvrage nous a forcé de prendre la plume, ne méritait guère l'attention que nous avons dû lui prêter. Il ne lit point les textes qu'il a sous les yeux; quand il les lit, il ne les comprend point; quand il les comprend, il les fausse aussitôt qu'il y voit la moindre utilité." This is strong language. It is not diluted when M. de Kerallain explains that, in his contempt, he would have waited for the public to find out how it had been deceived, if the papers of Bougainville were accessible in their entirety

"Si, pourtant, les textes dont il se sert avaient tous été mis par l'impression à la portée du public, nous aurions laissé probablement à la sagacité des historiens futurs le soin de faire justice de sa mauvaise foi. Mais le silence n'était point possible. Montcalm et Bougainville avaient protesté d'avance contre les interprétations perfides dont ils sentaient que leur mémoire, avec la fausseté de certains Canadiens, finirait par être l'objet. 'N'en croyez pas les Canadiens,' écrivait Bougainville à son frère comme s'il prévoyait son contradicteur; 'croyez toujours de préférence nos journaux. Les Canadiens se vantent et mentent. Nous autres ne savons dire que la vérité.'"

Various points in Canadian history have furnished matter for spirited discussion, but one does not often, nowadays, lay hands on a work which is so uncompromisingly polemical in tone. Last year the erection of a monument at Chateauguay gave rise to a controversy concerning the part of De Salaberry in that encounter, but personal bitterness was avoided. M. de Kerallain, on the contrary, does not willingly leave the Abbé Casgrain a single shred of reputation. He accuses him of pilfering from Parkman even when speaking words of disparagement, and he certainly produces some amusing cases of parallelism. The Abbé Casgrain is an editor as well as an historian. M. de Kerallain gives him no peace even here. His text is inaccurate, his arrangement bad, his notes either insignificant or incorrect. The Frenchman delivers his attack upon the Canadian all along the line. Montcalm and Vaudreuil could not have regarded each other with less cordiality of feeling.

For ourselves we accept as truthful the testimony of Bougainville to the maladministration of the colony and to the weaknesses of the French Canadians, so long as we are permitted to make one reservation. Bougainville did not think the game worth the candle, and, while ready to do his soldier's duty, was never in a mood to regard the colonists with sympathy. He appears to us in the light of a frank, honorable man. His family letters are models of affectionate solicitude. He has neither the arts nor the spirit of a vilifier. He strives to be scrupulously precise in his statement of facts. But a man so completely out of touch with colonial aspirations could not fail to see character, if not facts, through

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a distorting medium. To take a single instance. At Carillon what he saw was the cantine of the engineer, De Lotbinière. "Il est de l'intérêt de ce Vauban que les ouvrages traînent en longueur. Il faut bien que la cantine ait du débit. Le vin y est à six livres le pot. Je marque ces variations de prix. C'est le thermomètre des concussions de ce pays." He saw, also, at the time of the massacre, what he considered to be connivance between the interpreters and the savages, but he did not see the gallant conduct of the Canadians, which has been signalized in Mr. William McLennan's stirring ballad. At the end of the campaign he summed up his impressions of war, people, and country in the following words: "Tout ce que je puis vous dire, c'est qu'en quittant ce pays nous chanterons de bon cœur l'*In Exitu Israël*."

Against M. de Kerallain, then, we contend that Bougainville, with all his honesty, was prevented by general prepossession from giving an adequate account of the events which he witnessed. Against the Abbé Casgrain we contend that Bougainville was truthful and desired to send home minutely exact reports. He conducted himself with distinction throughout, and, if we make a single exception, did whatever could have been reasonably expected of an officer in his position. The one exception was his failure to watch Holmes's vessels with unremitting care on the evening of September 13, 1759. Says Parkman: "When Bougainville saw Holmes's vessels drift down the stream, he did not tax his weary troops to follow them, thinking that they would return as usual with the flood tide." This was the off chance against which Bougainville failed to guard, and Wolfe gained the heights. M. de Kerallain objects to Kingsford's phrase, "Bougainville was simply *outgeneralled*," and suggests the substitution of *humbugged*. At the worst, Bougainville's lack of vigilance on this occasion was not the Nemesis of an habitual slackness. It was the "one dark hour which brings remorse," rather than "the sin that practice burns into the blood." On the whole, Bougainville was an excellent staff officer, and Montcalm's warm friendship through years of closest familiarity vouches for the honor of his character.

Two questions, however, which this essay of vindication involves are of an interest quite equal to that of the vindication. The first of these is the comparison inevitably suggested between the venality of French Canadians in the eighteenth century and the venality of French Canadians to-day; between the venality of those who formed the *entourage* of Vaudreuil and Bigot, and the venality of their descendants as one sees it revealed in the late Mercier administration and in the city government of Montreal. The second is purely personal, and relates to the credibility of the Abbé Casgrain. We cannot but believe that the perusal of M. de Kerallain's criticisms will give him more than one bad quarter of an hour.

A portion of this essay has been sent to the *Revue Historique*. In its complete form it is a bibliographical rarity. Only 150 copies were printed, and these are for private distribution. M. de Kerallain writes with much wit, force, and erudition. A few books like his own would go far to remove the indifference of French readers to the subject of the Canadian wars—an indifference which he expressly deplores. The French as a nation still appreciate liveliness, though they do date their vital historical interests from 1789. We will close with an example of M. de Kerallain's liveliness, his own parting quip: "Toutefois . . . nous dirons que la leçon doit nous servir à tous, et que, tous, étudiants ou écrivains, nous ne saurions trop appliquer le conseil où résumait son expérience un vieux théologien, après une vie quasi centenaire d'érudition polémique: 'Vérifiez toujours vos citations.'"

The Cities and Bishoprics of Phrygia: Being an Essay of the Local History of Phrygia from the Earliest Times to the Turkish Conquest. By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., LL.D., etc., etc. Macmillan. 1895.

Some years ago, in his historical 'Geography of Asia Minor,' Mr. Ramsay announced his ambition to write a local history of the several countries of Asia Minor. That ambition promises now to be realized, for the volume before us is but the first of a series that is intended to collect all the information that can be gleaned from the authors, from inscriptions and monuments, from the survival of names and religious facts in modern times, and from other such scanty sources, and to interpret these in the light of the geographical and national conditions. No man is better qualified to undertake this task than Mr. Ramsay, who for the past sixteen years has busied himself by day and by night in investigating and pondering the problems connected with the history of Asia Minor. He first visited that country in 1880, in company with Sir Charles Wilson, one of Disraeli's travelling consuls who were spying out the land preparatory to its annexation to the British Empire. For the following eleven years the half of each year was spent in travel in Asia Minor, collecting inscriptions, mapping the country, locating the sites of ancient cities and towns, and studying the still existing monuments. He has thus come into possession of a mass of knowledge concerning Asia Minor such as no other man of this day and generation can pretend to. Indeed, there are only three or four men living who are in a position to check off Mr. Ramsay's statements, and no man may lightly dispute him. Whatever else may be said or thought of his work, it cannot be denied that he is a persistent searcher for truth. In fact, much of the time spent on his earlier journeys was wasted, and represented misdirected effort, owing in great measure to the necessity he was under of feeling his way darkly, for want of an instructor in the ways and means of archæological travel—for Sir Charles Wilson may not be reckoned as such. Accordingly, no small portion of the second, third, fourth, and fifth journeys was occupied in correcting the mistakes and blunders made on previous journeys. Nevertheless, the spirit of the man must be noted and praised.

Mr. Ramsay has written much. Before ever he essayed a book, his articles on the topography and archæology of Asia Minor were scattered in innumerable periodicals up and down the world. They were of value, though written in a style that sometimes baffled interpretation, and students along this line of antiquarian research longed to have Mr. Ramsay collect his results in the form of a book. But when, in deference to this demand, he produced his 'Historical Geography of Asia Minor,' his readers were greatly disappointed, for probably no worse made book exists. It was literally thrown together, and hurried off to the printer a year or so before it was ready for the press. The only redeeming feature was its soundness in matters of fact. It also gave offence for other reasons which need not be mentioned now. In his later books, which have followed in quick succession, Mr. Ramsay has steadily improved as a bookmaker, and has avoided the error of going to press before he was ready. This last but one and most ambitious of his books is the best made of the series.

What he now has in hand is the local history of Phrygia, the first volume treating of the cities of the Lycos and adjoining valleys. It is ambitious, too, for the title-page informs us that it is to deal with Phrygia's history "from the earliest times to the Turkish conquest." The knowledge and ability to cover so vast a field *ex cathedra* is given to but few men, but it must be confessed that Mr. Ramsay has acquitted himself most creditably, and the sections which deal with Byzantine or even Turkish matters will be most helpful to future travellers. The value of the book as a whole is extraordinary; it is a veritable mine of information in regard to Phrygia at all periods of its history. Not only does it throw important light upon profane history, but the student of the early history of the Christian Church will find it a valuable aid. The Lycos valley is precisely the part of Phrygia which possesses the deepest interest for the theologian, as being the scene of some of the labors of St. Paul, who left there the impress of his enthusiasm and his genius in the churches of Laodicea, Hierapolis, and Colossæ. Now that the railway can bring travellers to the very gates of these old cities, the book ought to be exceedingly useful to more thoughtful travellers.

The present volume is divided into nine chapters, of which the first describes the general features of the Lycos Valley; the second, Laodicea; the third, Hierapolis; the fourth, the Middle Mæander Valley; the fifth, the Lower Mæander Valley; the sixth, Colossæ; the seventh, Lounda, Peltæ, etc.; the eighth, the Valley of the Kazanes and Indos; the ninth, the Phrygian cities of the Pisidian frontier. Mr. Ramsay's treatment may best be understood by a synopsis of, say, chapter iii., on Hierapolis: The Holy City; its Situation and Origin; its Religious Character; Mother Leto; Leto and Kora; the God; the Matriarchal System; the Brotherhood; the Religion of Burial; the God as Ruler and Healer; the Trade-Guilds; its History; its Magistrates and Municipal Institutions; the Gerousia. Under each of these heads the reader will find matter that is new, instructive, and suggestive. We cannot go into details in this notice, but in illustration we may mention the discussion of the matriarchal system, which throws an interesting light upon the many inscriptions, found throughout Asia Minor, in which descent is reckoned apparently from the mother. It seems that children were born while the unwedded mother was living as a courtesan before the goddess, in accordance with a custom that had prevailed in the worship of the Great Mother Goddess of Asia from time immemorial. It was a religious rite, involving no infamy, but quite the reverse, and might even be recorded on the tombstone of the Parthenos (here, simply *unmarried woman*) as an especial claim upon the respect and reverence of her family and townsmen. It is a remnant of the pre-Greek social system that was never really abolished, but decayed slowly before the advance of the Græco-Roman civilization. It was the memory of this antiquated social system that led to the troubles of St. Thekla, about 50 A. D.

Each chapter is followed by an appendix, in which the author cites the inscriptions of which he has made use in supporting the views set forth in the text; or perhaps it would be

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more exact to say that these inscriptions have created the author's views. On the other hand, the reader's task is made difficult by disjointedness, as, for example, Mr. Ramsay's last word on the matriarchal system cannot be found in the chapter on Hierapolis, to which we have referred above, but must be sought here and there throughout the book. We admit that this cannot wholly be avoided in a work like the present, but it makes us wish that Mr. Ramsay would treat of Asian manners and customs in a separate volume.

Venezuela: A Land where it's always Summer. By William Eleroy Curtis. With a map. Harper & Bros. 1896.

MR. CURTIS'S account of Venezuela contains a good deal of useful information, put together in a second-rate way; it is marred by the fact that the author is not well equipped as an observer and is slovenly as a writer. He is not accurate, he is flippant, and he is not a man of the world. This last, we are aware, is a terrible accusation to bring against a gentleman who has been the director of the Bureau of American Republics, but it is nevertheless true. Mr. Curtis knows the United States, and he has seen a good deal of South America; but apparently the only standard he has to apply to South America is that furnished by the United States. Now this is all very well as far as it goes, but to understand any Spanish American state it is necessary to keep before the mind not the United States, but Europe. Venezuela is essentially European. The Andes are American; the Orinoco is American; so are the *llanos;* the race is mixed; but Venezuelan life, society, civilization, institutions, habits, and even government (they have tried to import the constitutional system of the United States, but have totally failed) are as European as those of the Venice after which the country was named. Leaving the peons and wandering Indians out of view, there is not an idea in a Venezuelan's head, nor a hope or fear in his heart, which does not derive its color and substance from Europe. His literature, his speech, his press, his religion, the house he lives in, the railway carriage he travels in, his cooking, the signs on his shops, his theatre, his ceremonial observances, the rocking-chair he takes his *siesta* in—everything in his existence is European. Venezuela belongs to the European world, and not to the Europe of great capitals either, but to a provincial Europe still more foreign and strange to us. For an American to attempt to describe the peculiarities of Venezuela by comparison with life as it is known in Maine or Illinois, is as if an Englishman should attempt to desoribe Algiers by comparing it with Yorkshire.

The result is inevitably to give an air of grotesqueness to description some of which is otherwise defective through its inaccuracy. One or two examples will show what we mean. In chapter xv. the author gives an account of Venezuelan fruits—the country produces every known tropical species—and sums up the subject by saying that "for every-day diet" there is nothing in the tropics "that will compare with the Concord grape or the russet apple." For every-day diet there is nothing in the tropics that will compare with a prime porter-house steak; but, after all, what of it? In the next chapter religion is discussed; Mr. Curtis describes the country as "a most inviting field" for Protestant missionary effort, and declares that "a dozen churches might be organized in Venezuela at once, and within a few years every one of them would be self-supporting." In another chapter, in the course of a very light-hearted description of the cemeteries, he warns the traveller not to imagine that "Ella Duerme" on a tomb is "the name of a girl." A Venezuelan courtship he declares to have become so informal that "a young man takes matters into his own hands nowadays, and 'sits up' with his sweetheart, just as they do in Massachusetts or Illinois." It is only fair to say that it is by no means for clergymen alone that Mr. Curtis sees a great opening. At Macuto, a little seaside place near La Guayra, he would have some one build a modern hotel of a hundred or a hundred and fifty rooms. It is true there are some difficulties about it, for not only the material and furniture, "but the builders and servants, must be imported"; but, once built, and conducted on the American plan, it "would be full of guests the whole year round" (p. 30). Another hotel is much needed at Carácas (p. 46). Why is it, one wonders, that capital and labor do not flow into Venezuela, as they have done into the northern half of the continent?

A tendency at every turn to looseness of statement is a marked feature of the book, and nowhere is this more dangerous for an observer than in the tropics. The atmosphere is one of fancy rather than fact, and it is unsafe to take anything for granted or by common report. In Venezuela there is a mental haze (not unlike that which hovers over the coast of the *tierra caliente*) which envelops all matters of distance, measure, weight, and number, and obscures the harsh outlines of fact; this haze it is, in part, which makes any agreement upon the Guiana boundary line so difficult. Mr. Curtis does little to dissipate it. He gives the area of Venezuela at 597,960 square miles (p. 7), without, however, mentioning the important fact that an enormous part of this is not actually administered by Venezuela at all; he declares the States to be "independent in the management of their local affairs" (p. 10), which is true only on paper; at p. 48 the population of Carácas is given at 70,000, yet at p. 168 the number of foreigners is said to be 7,000, and this is said to be *16 per cent.* of the population. The altitude of Carácas (a very important point in South America) is given at 3,900 feet (pp. 38, 43), though all the cyclopedias make it about 1,000 feet less; the number of English books about Venezuela is said (p. 52) to be three; the expenses of housekeeping are "about the same as in the United States" (p. 59), though the author himself points out that rent and service are much lower. Carácas he calls a "sort of one-story Paris" (p. 153), and declares social life there to be very much like what it is in "the Continental cities of Europe" (p. 168)—a sort of one-story Cosmopolis, perhaps. But the danger which lurks in generalizations has no terrors for this author. One singular remark about the habits of the Venezuelans is that there is little drunkenness among them, because they drink "light native liquors made of fruits and the juice of the sugar-cane," which "intoxicate easily," but "when the fumes of the alcohol have left the brain, there is no serious effect like that which follows brandies and other strong drinks." The native liquor of Venezuela is new rum, the properties of which every good New Englander knows. It does intoxicate easily, but the after-effects in Ciudad Bolivar or Maracaibo are substantially the same as in Chelsea or Salem.

The author seems to have taken up the study of Spanish, but he cannot be said to have attained a mastery of it. At page 121, he speaks of "pronunciamentos" (*sic*) as the Spanish word for "a revolutionary party." The word for melon he pronounces "malony," and, that there may be no mistake about it, declares that it recalls the name of a "numerous and highly respected Irish family"; a woman's bonnet, he says, is called a "begorra" (p. 187). The Spanish for "there is none" he converts into the two English words "no hay," over which he makes very merry. He gives (p. 181) what he calls a "unique" death notice, but the term is much more applicable to his translation of it, beginning, "Day before yesterday went down to the sepulchre the honest and laborious Mr. Paul Emilio Gomez." *Limonade* he pronounces "Leemonoddie." A town in Colombia he declares to be "famous only for its name." The name is St. Thomas; to distinguish it from another St. Thomas which threw off the Spanish yoke, it was called by the Spaniards, with "indignant irony," "*Santa Tomas de la Cabelleros.*" Such a name, if it can be imagined in existence, would certainly make a town well known in the Spanish-speaking world, and so would Mr. Curtis's strange equivalent of "St. Thomas the Gentleman."

The best thing in the book is the account of the rise, rule, and downfall—if it can be called downfall to be living in Paris in luxury on the fortune which he wrung out of his impoverished country—of Guzman Blanco. Tyrant for tyrant, his figure is as picturesque as any that South America has produced, and that is saying a good deal. Mr. Curtis gives one or two stories of him which illustrate his character very well, and are new to us. The best are the stories of the scientific anniversary at which Guzman, in reply to an invitation to preside, said he would do so if all the papers were submitted to him for revision (p. 101); of his proclamation of the independence of the Venezuelan church of "the Roman Episcopate," and of his decision to return to "the uses of the primitive church founded by Jesus Christ and his apostles," including the election of the Archbishops "by Congress" (p. 205), and of his securing a proper reception for the officers and sailors of our fleet by means of a decree forbidding any citizen to charge them anything for supplies of any kind while on shore (p. 175).

The Feasts of Autolycus. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. London: John Lane; New York: The Merriam Co. 1896.

MRS. PENNELL in the preface to her book would make herself out a "greedy woman," and in the chapter on the Virtue of Gluttony she encourages the cultivation of that quality in her sex. This is only a *façon de parler*, for Mrs. Pennell, when she has occasion to mention special dishes, selects with refined, delicate, and discriminating taste, and essentially those which are wasted in the gratification of mere gluttony. She was evidently "chaffing" her English audience (for the various papers of which her volume is composed appeared originally as separate articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*). Mrs. Pennell discourses pleasantly of breakfasts, dinners, and suppers; she eulogizes "the subtle sandwich," "the incomparable onion," "the most excellent oyster," "the magnificent mushroom," and "the triumphant tomato." Of them she tells us nothing new, although she proclaims that "there is no knowledge nobler than that of the 'gullet science,'" and, in quotation of another writer, that "the discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of the human race than the discovery of a planet." The first of these

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aphorisms may arouse the languid interest of the epicure; but the second will not discourage the astronomer in his search of the heavens.

All that Mrs. Pennell has to say may be condensed within very restricted limits; but she has elaborated her subject with such facile grace that, in those who are able to envelop eating with a poetic halo, her love of that function, whether real or simulated, will inspire appreciative recognition. To tourists from remote portions of the United States and the Dominion of Canada, equipped with well-lined wallets and unjaded palates, who are about to go abroad for the first time, Mrs. Pennell's book, in its accurate knowledge, acquired through experience, of special local dishes and of the places where they may be procured in the various towns of Europe, will prove of value. To the gourmand, however, it offers nothing in the way of culinary preparations with which he is not entirely familiar, and of which he is not perhaps long since weary. As a pessimistic Chicago poet says in an Ode to Spring :

> "Same old violets, same old blue;
> Same old grass-plot, same old hue;
> Same old look in everything;
> Same old season; same old spring."

So may it be said of cookery at the close of the nineteenth century: Same old soup, same old fish, same old sauce, with the same old dish.

Criminal Sociology. By Enrico Ferri. D. Appleton & Co. 1896.

THE very competent editor of the "Criminology Series," in which this volume appears, Mr. W. Douglas Morrison, remarks that the public is in danger of being deluded by misleading statistics concerning the diminution of crime. He is evidently inclined to the opinion that crime is either increasing or at least keeping pace with the increase of population. At the same time he thinks, as most do who investigate the subject, that no good results are to be expected from resorting to punishments of greater rigor and severity. It is generally admitted that our system of penal servitude not only fails to reform offenders, but, in the case of the less hardened criminals, and especially first offenders, produces a deteriorating effect. Evidently, under these circumstances, we need to inquire into the causes that produce criminals. Prof. Ferri's work is an essay in this direction, and perhaps the best of those which we have lately had from Italian investigators. Under the head of Criminal Anthropology he takes up the individual conditions which tend to produce criminal habits of mind and action. He then examines the adverse social conditions that tend to lead certain sections of the population into crime. While maintaining that the only way to diminish crime is to ameliorate these conditions, he admits that criminal codes are nevertheless necessary for the protection of society, and concludes by pointing out the importance of some practical reforms in criminal law and prison administration.

While Prof. Ferri's methods appear to us to be considerably in advance of those of Lombroso, we can hardly regard them as strictly scientific in character. He is too ready to accept statistical returns as evidence, without the laborious verification which almost all statistics require, and his reasoning is frequently confused and wandering. Many of his conclusions are of such extreme generality as to be of little practical value. We know that drunkenness and crimes of violence are connected, and that poverty is related to crimes against property. No doubt, if we can put a stop to drunkenness and eliminate poverty, we shall have done much to suppress crime; but there is nothing new in this. Still, it is well to look at the subject from various points of view, and many of Prof. Ferri's suggestions deserve attention. The Anglo-Saxon race, however, will hardly consider the proposition that the jury should be dispensed with in the trial of ordinary offenders, however it may commend itself to the theorists of Continental Europe.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bergen, Fanny D. Current Superstitions. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.50.
Bok, E. W. The Young Man in Business. The Young Man and the Church. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus. Each 30c.
Burdett, H. C. Burdett's Official Intelligence for 1896. London: Spottiswoode & Co.
Carus, Paul. The Religion of Science. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Co. 50c.
Cawein, Madison. Undertones. Boston: Copeland & Day. 75c.
Comey, Prof. A. M. A Dictionary of Chemical Solubilities. Inorganic. Macmillan. $5.
Crawford, F. M. Adam Johnstone's Son. Macmillan. $1.50.
Field, Eugene. Writings in Prose and Verse. [Sabine Edition.] Vols. I.-V. Scribners.
Gras, Félix. The Reds of the Midi: An Episode of the French Revolution. Appletons. $1.50.
Hamlin, Prof. A. D. F. A Text-Book of the History of Architecture. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Harland, Marion. Mr. Wayt's Wife's Sister. Cassell Publishing Co. 50c.
Larison, Dr. C. W. Reminiscences of School Life. Ringoes, N. J.: Fonic Publishing House.
Le Gallienne, Richard. Retrospective Reviews: A Literary Log. London: John Lane; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.
Lillie, Lucy C. Ruth Endicott's Way. Philadelphia: H. T. Coates & Co.
Littell's Living Age. Jan.-March, 1896. Boston: Littell & Co.
Marchbank, Agnes. Ruth Farmer. Cassell Publishing Co. $1.
Mayes, Edward. Lucius Q. C. Lamar: His Life, Times, and Speeches. 1825-1893. Nashville, Tenn.: Methodist Episcopal Publishing House. $5.
Müller, Prof. F. M. Three Lectures on the Science of Language. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Co. 75c.
North of Market Street: Being the Adventures of a New York Woman in Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Avil Printing Co.
Paradise Lost. Books I.-III. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 15c.
Rameau, Jean. Le Cœur de Régine. Paris: Ollendorff; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Ribot, Prof. Th. The Psychology of Attention. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Co. 75c.
Rod, Édouard. The White Rocks. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Ross, G. W. The School System of Ontario (Canada). Appletons. $1.
Simmons, Vesta S. A Village Drama. Cassell Publishing Co. 50c.
Smith, F. H. Tom Grogan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Smythe, E. Louise. A Primary Reader. Werner School Book Co.
Southworth, Mrs. A Beautiful Fiend. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25c.
Train, Elizabeth P. Doctor Lamar. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50c.

HENRY HOLT & CO., N. Y.

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED:

RUSSIAN POLITICS.

By HERBERT M. THOMPSON. Large 12mo. $2.

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